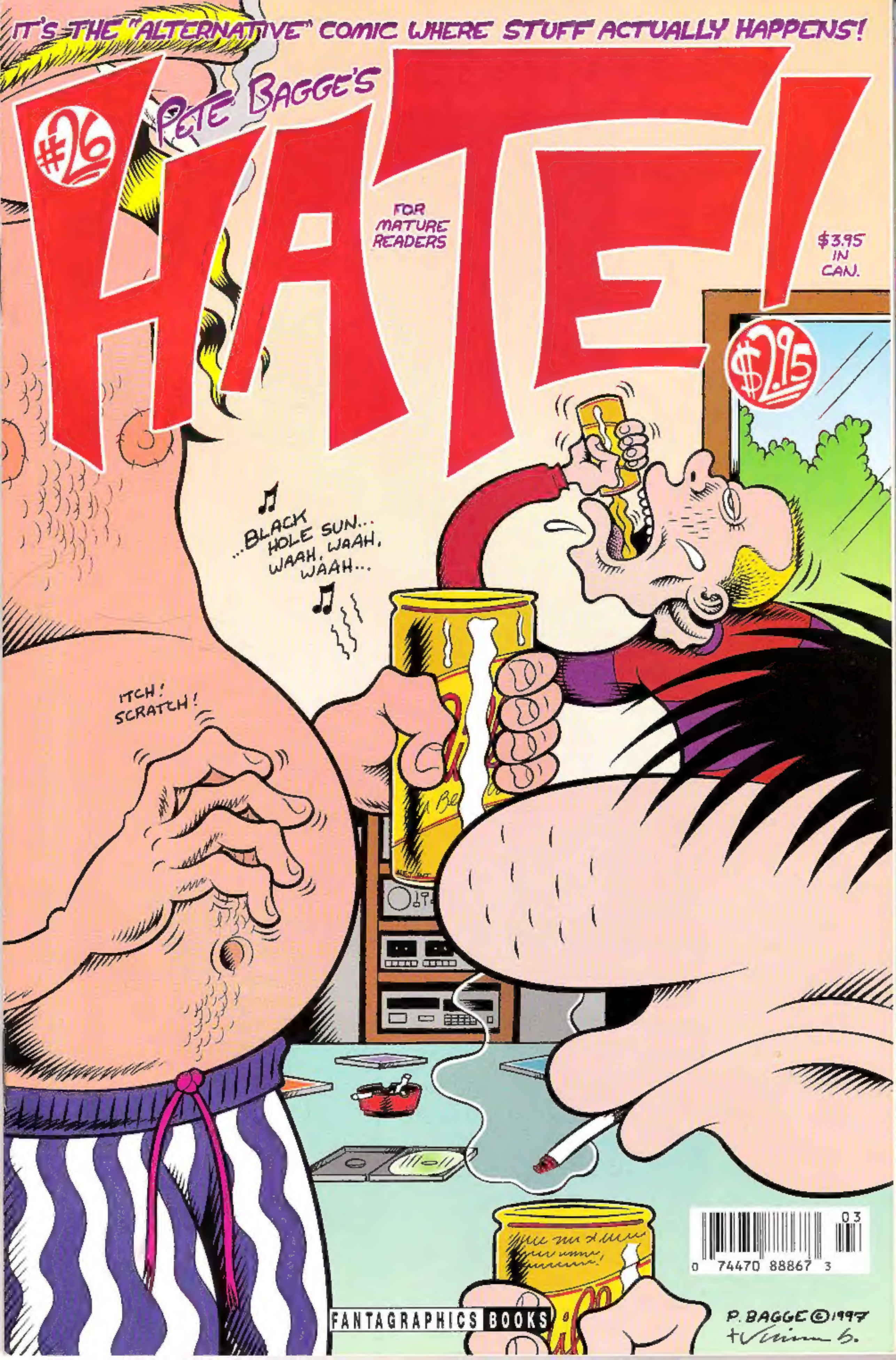

IT'S THE "ALTERNATIVE" COMIC WHERE STUFF ACTUALLY HAPPENS!
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HATE!
#26
FOR MATURE READERS
$3.95 IN CAN.
$2.95
...BLACK HOLE SUN... WAAH, WAAH, WAAH...
ITCH! SCRATCH!
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The Winning Attitude

Hurt feelings. Missing shipments. Cancelled checks. Sloppy telephone etiquette.
Confusing advertising campaigns -- sound like any record labels you know?
The NEW Matador Records has responded with improved customer service (free backrubs for everyone).
That's just one of the reasons the label took home Z.Z. MOWER AND ASSOCIATES Award for
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of the most important critics of all -- the music fans of America. See for yourself why Matador
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Missile Me
LP $8 CD $12

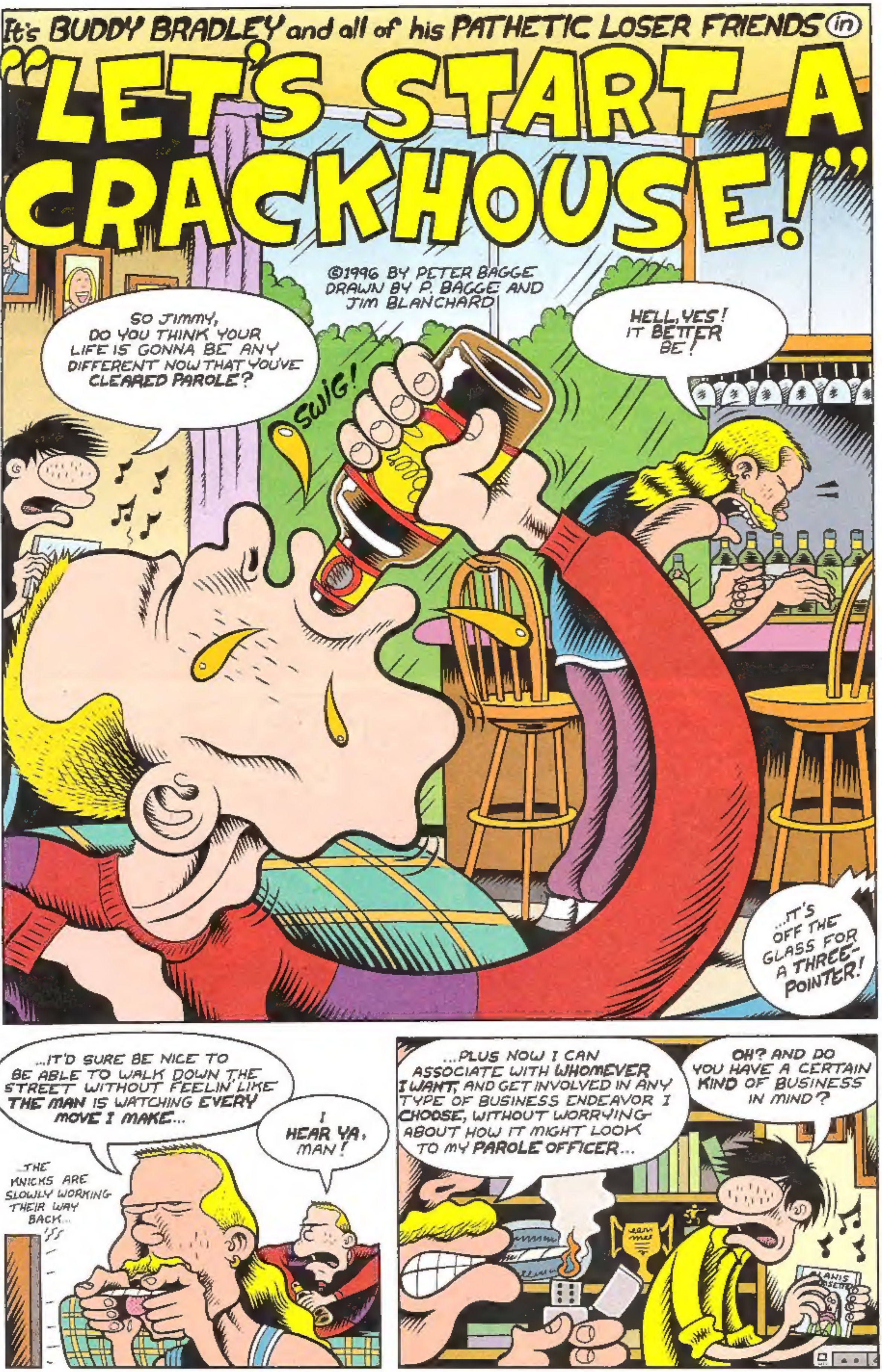
RUN ON -
No Way
LP $8 CD $12 (in stores Feb.25th)

SPOON - Soft Effects
12" EP $7 CDEP $7 (also available:
Telephono LP $8 CD $12 CS $7)

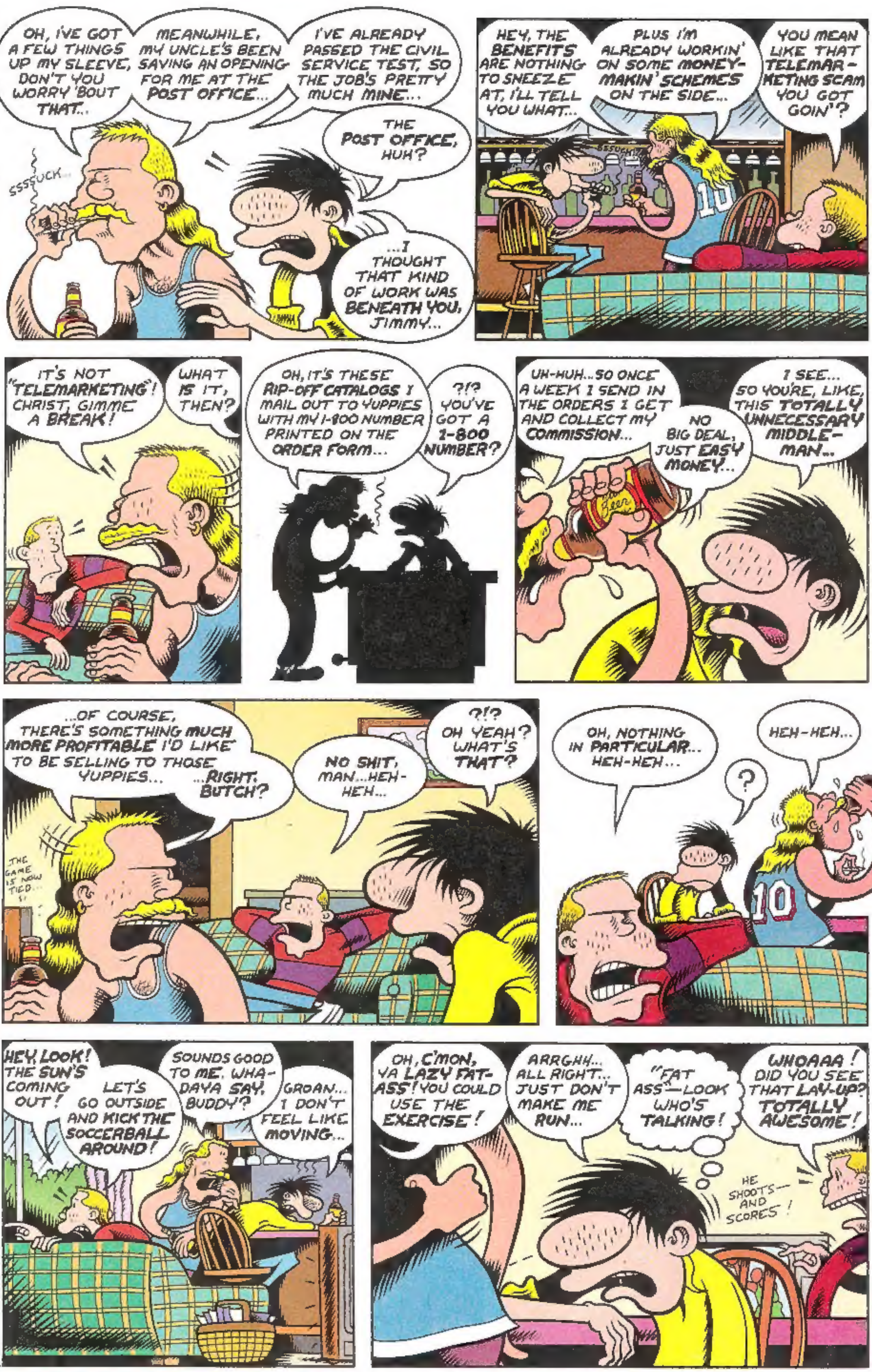
PAVEMENT -
Brighten The Corners (in stores Feb.11)
LP $8 CD $13 CS $9 (Matador/Capitol)

*Study based on a total of six interviews.

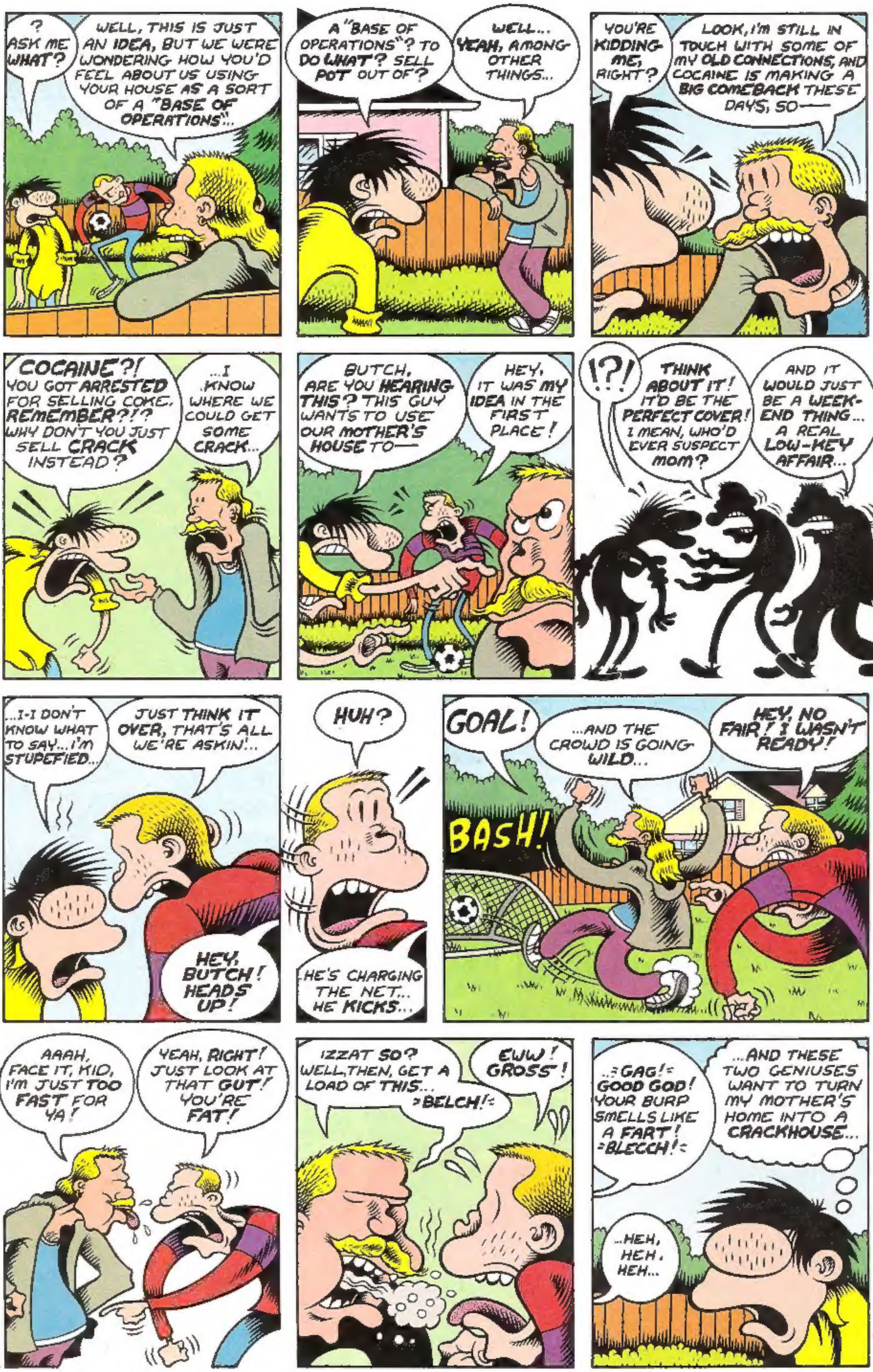
Write for a free Mailorder Catalog All prices above include postage Matador Records 676 Broadway NYC 10012 www.matador.recs.com robot@matador.recs.com

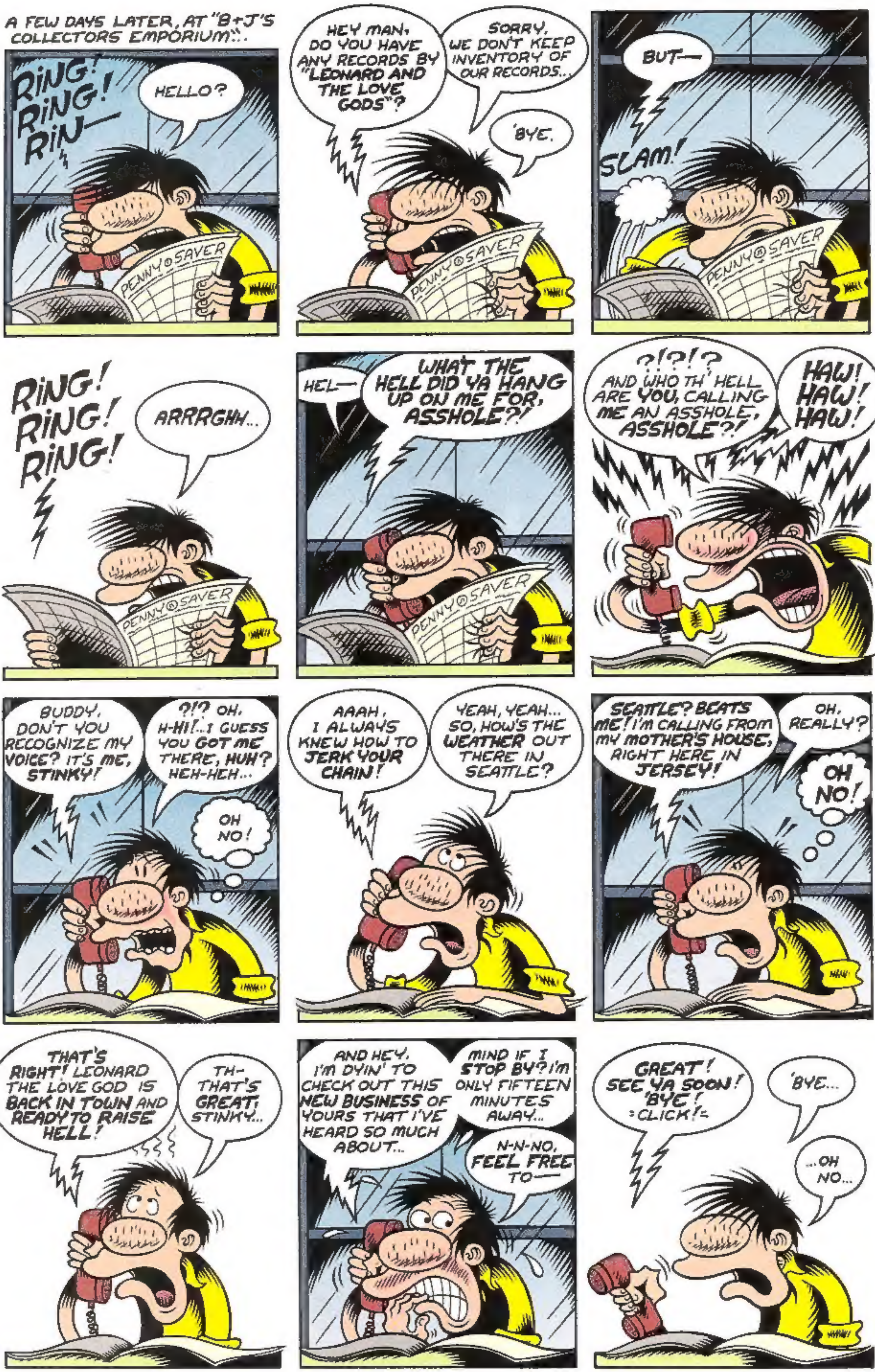


It's BUDDY BRADLEY and all of his PATHETIC LOSER FRIENDS in
"LET'S START A CRACKHOUSE!"
©1996 BY PETER BAGGE
DRAWN BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
SO JIMMY, DO YOU THINK YOUR LIFE IS GONNA BE ANY DIFFERENT NOW THAT YOU'VE CLEARED PAROLE?
SWIG!
HELL, YES! IT BETTER BE!
...IT'S OFF THE GLASS FOR A THREE-POINTER!
...IT'D SURE BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT FEELIN' LIKE THE MAN IS WATCHING EVERY MOVE I MAKE...
I HEAR YA, MAN!
...THE KNICKS ARE SLOWLY WORKING THEIR WAY BACK...
...PLUS NOW I CAN ASSOCIATE WITH WHOMEVER I WANT, AND GET INVOLVED IN ANY TYPE OF BUSINESS ENDEAVOR I CHOOSE, WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT HOW IT MIGHT LOOK TO MY PAROLE OFFICER...
OH? AND DO YOU HAVE A CERTAIN KIND OF BUSINESS IN MIND?


OH, I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS UP MY SLEEVE, DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT THAT...
MEANWHILE, MY UNCLE'S BEEN SAVING AN OPENING FOR ME AT THE POST OFFICE...
I'VE ALREADY PASSED THE CIVIL SERVICE TEST, SO THE JOB'S PRETTY MUCH MINE...
SSSSUCK...
THE POST OFFICE, HUH?
...I THOUGHT THAT KIND OF WORK WAS BENEATH YOU, JIMMY...
HEY, THE BENEFITS ARE NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT...
PLUS I'M ALREADY WORKIN' ON SOME MONEY-MAKIN' SCHEMES ON THE SIDE...
YOU MEAN LIKE THAT TELEMARKETING SCAM YOU GOT GOIN'?
IT'S NOT "TELEMARKETING"! CHRIST, GIMME A BREAK!
WHAT IS IT, THEN?
OH, IT'S THESE RIP-OFF CATALOGS I MAIL OUT TO YUPPIES WITH MY 1-800 NUMBER PRINTED ON THE ORDER FORM...
?!? YOU'VE GOT A 1-800 NUMBER?
UH-HUH... SO ONCE A WEEK I SEND IN THE ORDERS I GET AND COLLECT MY COMMISSION...
NO BIG DEAL, JUST EASY MONEY...
I SEE... SO YOU'RE, LIKE, THIS TOTALLY UNNECESSARY MIDDLE-MAN...
...OF COURSE, THERE'S SOMETHING MUCH MORE PROFITABLE I'D LIKE TO BE SELLING TO THOSE YUPPIES... ...RIGHT, BUTCH?
THE GAME IS NOW TIED...
NO SHIT, MAN... HEH-HEH...
?!? OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
OH, NOTHING IN PARTICULAR... HEH-HEH...
?
HEH-HEH...
HEY, LOOK! THE SUN'S COMING OUT!
LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND KICK THE SOCCERBALL AROUND!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. WHADAYA SAY, BUDDY?
GROAN... I DON'T FEEL LIKE MOVING...
OH, C'MON, YA LAZY FAT-ASS! YOU COULD USE THE EXERCISE!
ARRGHH... ALL RIGHT... JUST DON'T MAKE ME RUN...
"FAT ASS"— LOOK WHO'S TALKING!
WHOAAA! DID YOU SEE THAT LAY-UP? TOTALLY AWESOME!
HE SHOOTS— AND SCORES!

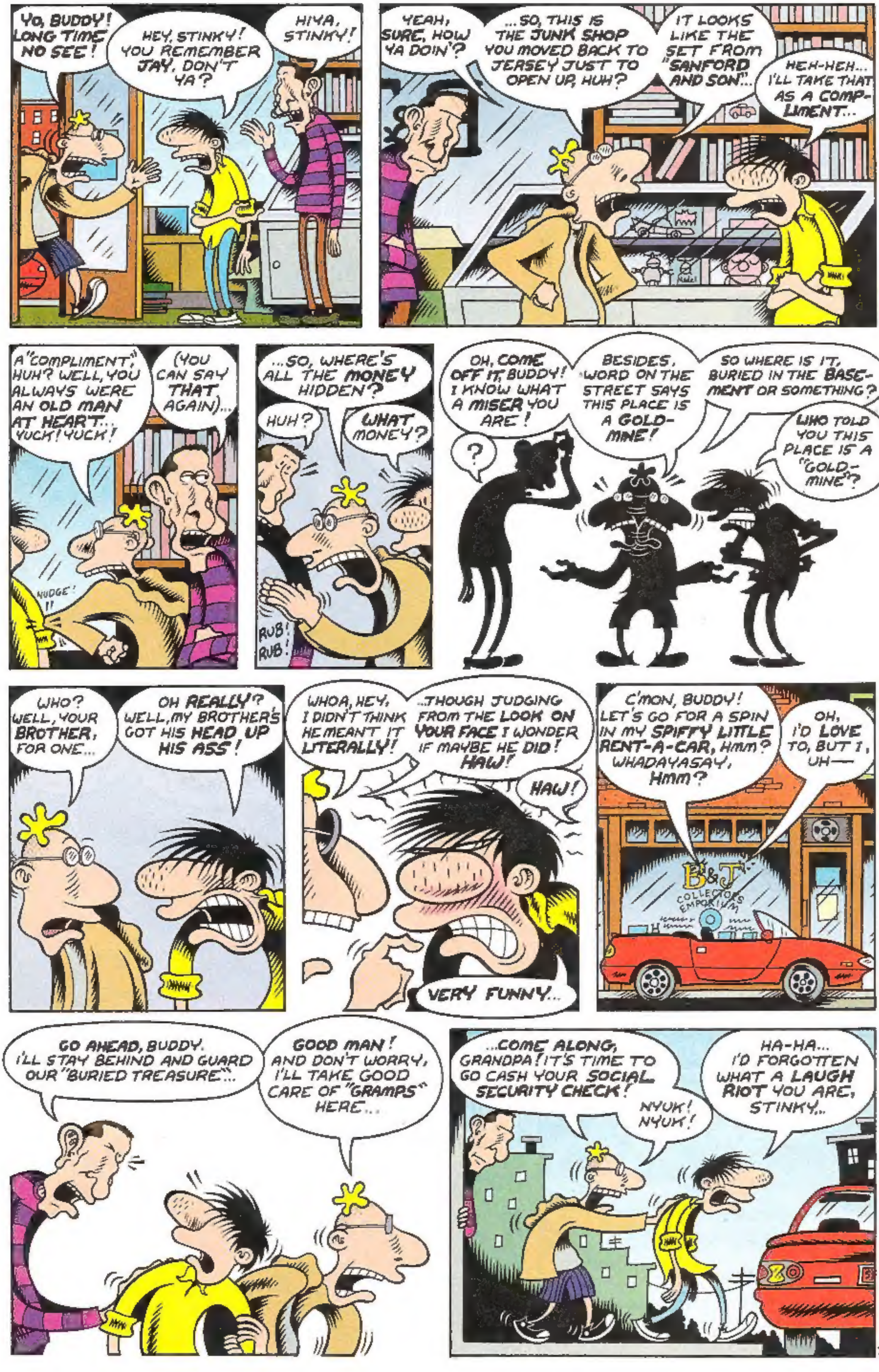
AND SO...
YO, BUDDY! OVER HERE!
AIM FOR MY HEAD, AND KICK IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN!
SAY WHAT?
YOU HEARD ME! JUST DO IT!
≥SIGH≤.. ALL RIGHT...
BOOT!
BONK!
OOF!
WHOOOOEE! HEY, JIMMY! DID YOU SEE THAT?
UH-HUH... VERY IMPRESSIVE...
TWEET! TWEET!
KOO-KOO!
STAGGER..
WOBBLE..
...SAY BUDDY, YOUR MOTHER HASN'T BEEN AROUND MUCH LATELY, HAS SHE?
HMM? NO, SHE HASN'T..
...SHE'S BEEN SPENDING MORE 'N' MORE TIME WITH HER NEW "MAIN SQUEEZE," THIS GUY NAMED GEORGE...
HE'S GOT A PLACE UP IN THE POCONOS, AND THEY'VE BEEN GOING UP THERE ALMOST EVERY WEEKEND...
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT YOUR BROTHER TOLD ME...
BOOT!
...I HEAR SHE'S EVEN THINKING OF MOVING...
YEAH, TO FLORIDA, ASSUMING SHE 'N' GEORGE GET MARRIED...
SO FAR IT'S ONLY TALK, THOUGH...
GEORGE —WHAT A DORK!
BOUNCE BOUNCE
SO, BASICALLY YOU 'N' BUTCH HERE HAVE THE PLACE TO YOURSELVES THESE DAYS...
WELL, YEAH, BASICALLY... WHY DO YOU ASK?
GO AHEAD AND ASK HIM, JIMMY...


?
ASK ME WHAT?
WELL, THIS IS JUST AN IDEA, BUT WE WERE WONDERING HOW YOU'D FEEL ABOUT US USING YOUR HOUSE AS A SORT OF A "BASE OF OPERATIONS"...
A "BASE OF OPERATIONS"? TO DO WHAT? SELL POT OUT OF?
WELL... YEAH, AMONG OTHER THINGS...
YOU'RE KIDDING ME, RIGHT?
LOOK, I'M STILL IN TOUCH WITH SOME OF MY OLD CONNECTIONS, AND COCAINE IS MAKING A BIG COMEBACK THESE DAYS, SO—
COCAINE?! YOU GOT ARRESTED FOR SELLING COKE, REMEMBER?!? WHY DON'T YOU JUST SELL CRACK INSTEAD?
...I KNOW WHERE WE COULD GET SOME CRACK...
BUTCH, ARE YOU HEARING THIS? THIS GUY WANTS TO USE OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE TO—
HEY, IT WAS MY IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE!
!?!
THINK ABOUT IT! IT'D BE THE PERFECT COVER! I MEAN, WHO'D EVER SUSPECT MOM?
AND IT WOULD JUST BE A WEEK-END THING... A REAL LOW-KEY AFFAIR...
...I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY... I'M STUPEFIED...
JUST THINK IT OVER, THAT'S ALL WE'RE ASKIN'...
HEY, BUTCH! HEADS UP!
HUH?
HE'S CHARGING THE NET... HE KICKS...
GOAL!
...AND THE CROWD IS GOING WILD...
BASH!
HEY, NO FAIR! I WASN'T READY!
AAAH, FACE IT, KID, I'M JUST TOO FAST FOR YA!
YEAH, RIGHT! JUST LOOK AT THAT GUT! YOU'RE FAT!
IZZAT SO? WELL, THEN, GET A LOAD OF THIS... =BELCH!=
EWW! GROSS!
..=GAG!= GOOD GOD! YOUR BURP SMELLS LIKE A FART! =BLECCH!=
...AND THESE TWO GENIUSES WANT TO TURN MY MOTHER'S HOME INTO A CRACKHOUSE...
..HEH, HEH, HEH...

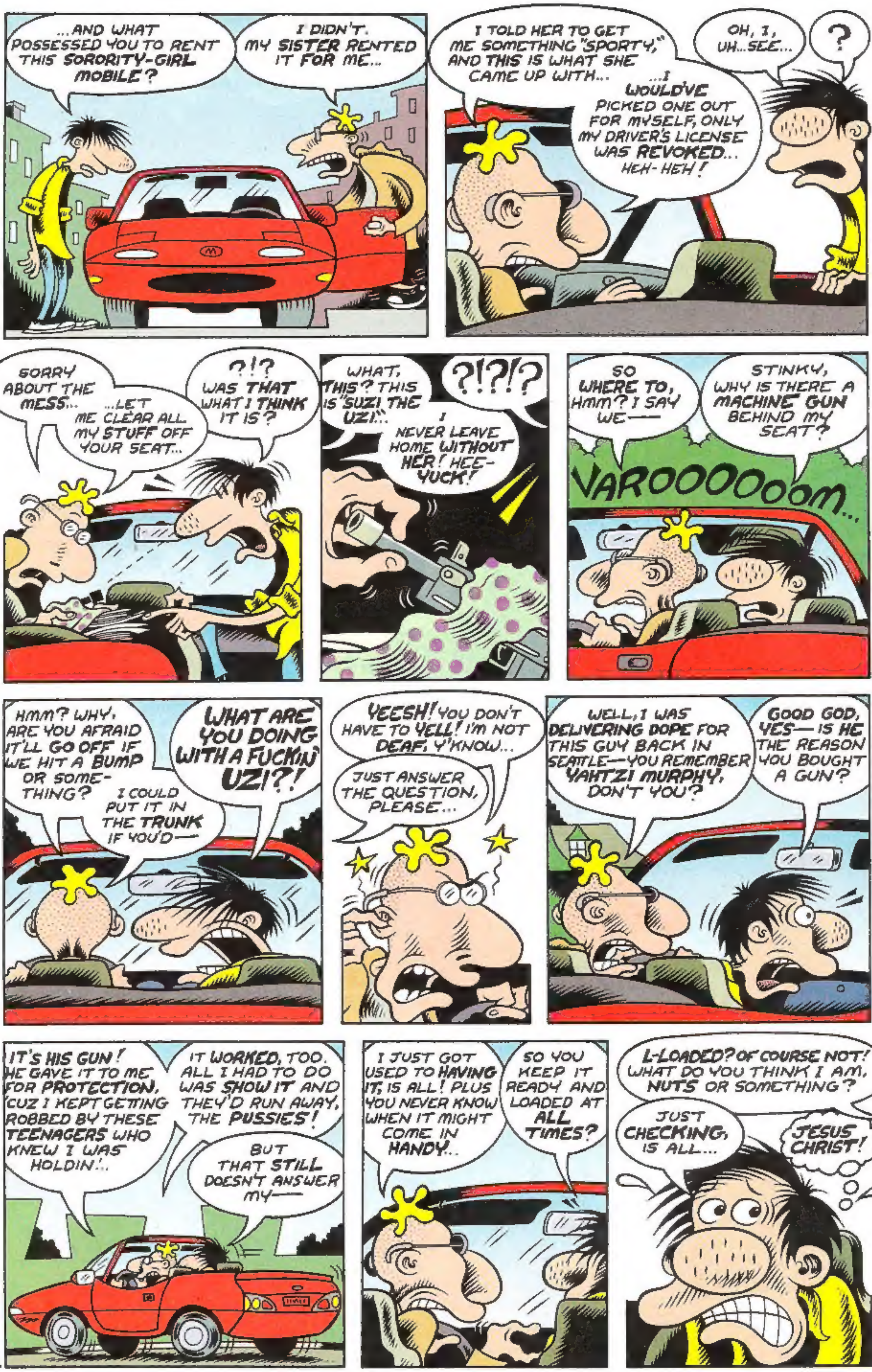


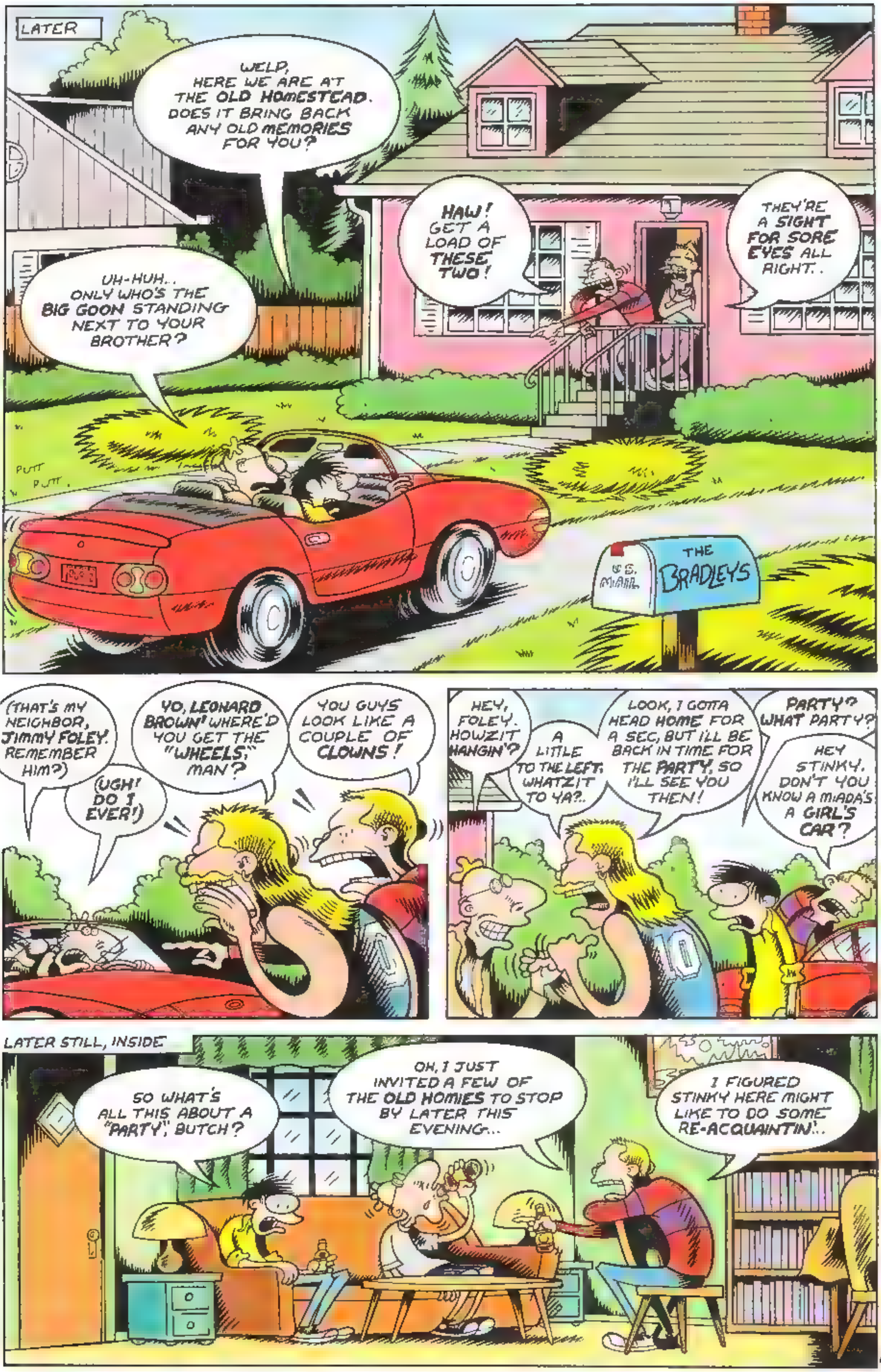
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT "B+J'S COLLECTORS EMPORIUM"...
RING! RING! RIN—
HELLO?
HEY MAN, DO YOU HAVE ANY RECORDS BY "LEONARD AND THE LOVE GODS"?
SORRY, WE DON'T KEEP INVENTORY OF OUR RECORDS...
'BYE.
BUT—
SLAM!
RING! RING! RING!
ARRRGHH...
HEL—
WHAT THE HELL DID YA HANG UP ON ME FOR, ASSHOLE?!
?!?!? AND WHO TH' HELL ARE YOU, CALLING ME AN ASSHOLE, ASSHOLE?!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
BUDDY, DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE? IT'S ME, STINKY!
?!? OH, H-HI!...I GUESS YOU GOT ME THERE, HUH? HEH-HEH...
OH NO!
AAAH, I ALWAYS KNEW HOW TO JERK YOUR CHAIN!
YEAH, YEAH... SO, HOW'S THE WEATHER OUT THERE IN SEATTLE?
SEATTLE? BEATS ME! I'M CALLING FROM MY MOTHER'S HOUSE, RIGHT HERE IN JERSEY!
OH, REALLY?
OH NO!
THAT'S RIGHT! LEONARD THE LOVE GOD IS BACK IN TOWN AND READY TO RAISE HELL!
TH-THAT'S GREAT, STINKY...
AND HEY, I'M DYIN' TO CHECK OUT THIS NEW BUSINESS OF YOURS THAT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT...
MIND IF I STOP BY? I'M ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES AWAY...
N-N-NO, FEEL FREE TO—
GREAT! SEE YA SOON! 'BYE! =CLICK!=
'BYE...
...OH NO...

...WHAT'S UP? WHO WAS THAT ON THE PHONE?
THAT WAS "STINKY."
WHO?
YOU KNOW, LEONARD BROWN? THE GUY I USED TO LIVE WITH IN SEATTLE?
...OH... ..HIM... WHAT DID HE WANT?
HE'S BACK IN TOWN FOR A VISIT, AND HE'S HEADING OVER HERE RIGHT NOW TO SAY HI...
UH-HUH...
SO WHY ARE YOU SO FILLED WITH DREAD OVER THIS? I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WERE FRIENDS...
WELL, WE ARE... TECHNICALLY...
...THERE'S JUST SOMETHING ABOUT SEEING HIM HERE THAT GIVES ME THE CREEPS...
IT'S LIKE A PART OF MY PAST THAT I'M TRYING TO ESCAPE IS COMING BACK TO CAST A SHADOW OVER EVERYTHING I'VE ACHIEVED SINCE THEN...
OH, REALLY?
ARE YOU SURE YOU AREN'T BEING JUST A WEE BIT OVER-DRAMATIC?
MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND FIND OUT, WON'T WE?
THAT'S RIGHT, BUDDY. I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT...
SHEESH! WHAT A WORRY WART!
HONK! HONK! HONK!
—WHO THE HECK IS DOING ALL THAT HONKING?
OH NO! HE'S HERE ALREADY!
THAT'S HIM? WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THAT MAZDA CONVERTIBLE?
BEATS ME. HE PROBABLY STOLE IT...

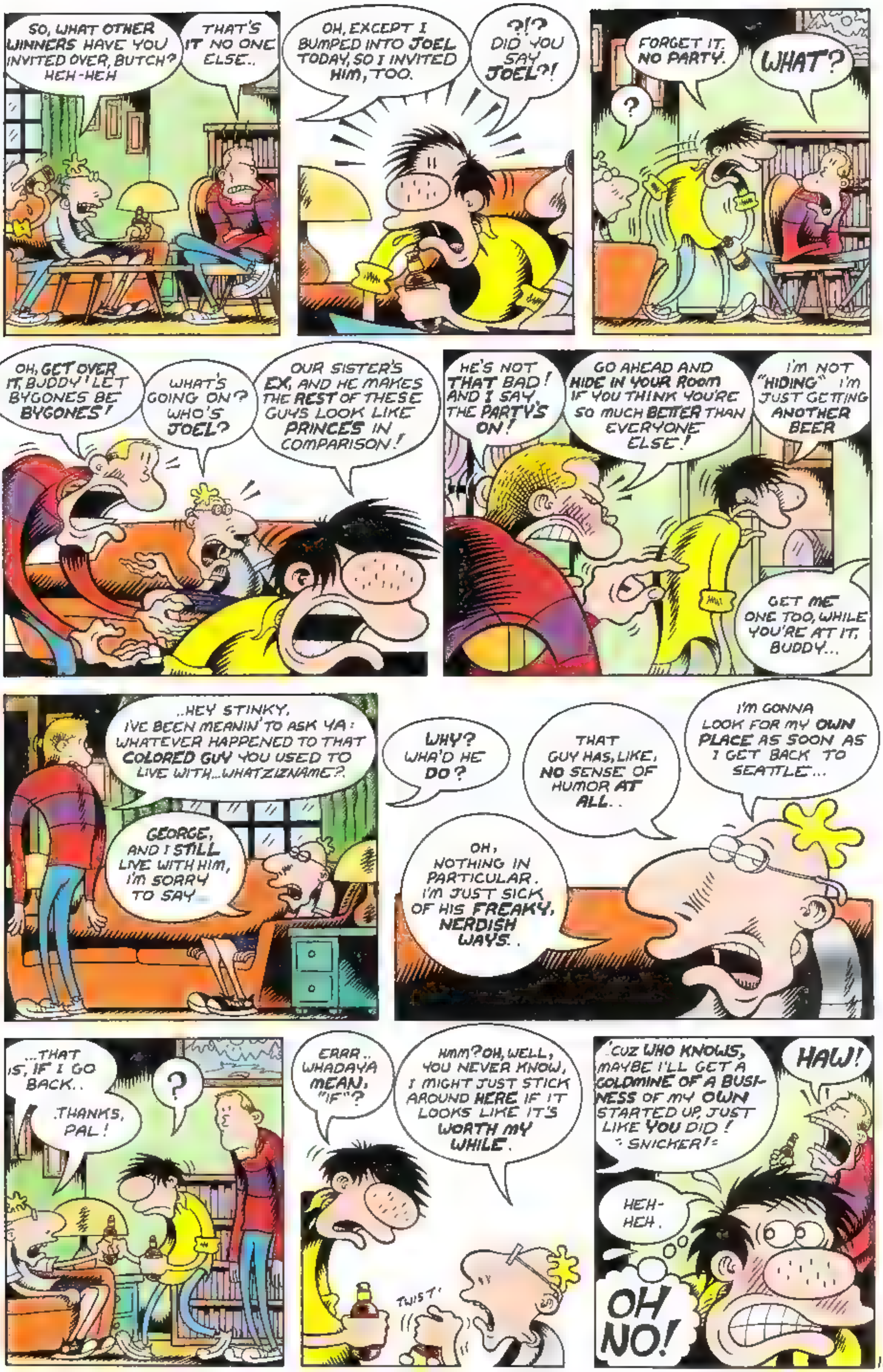


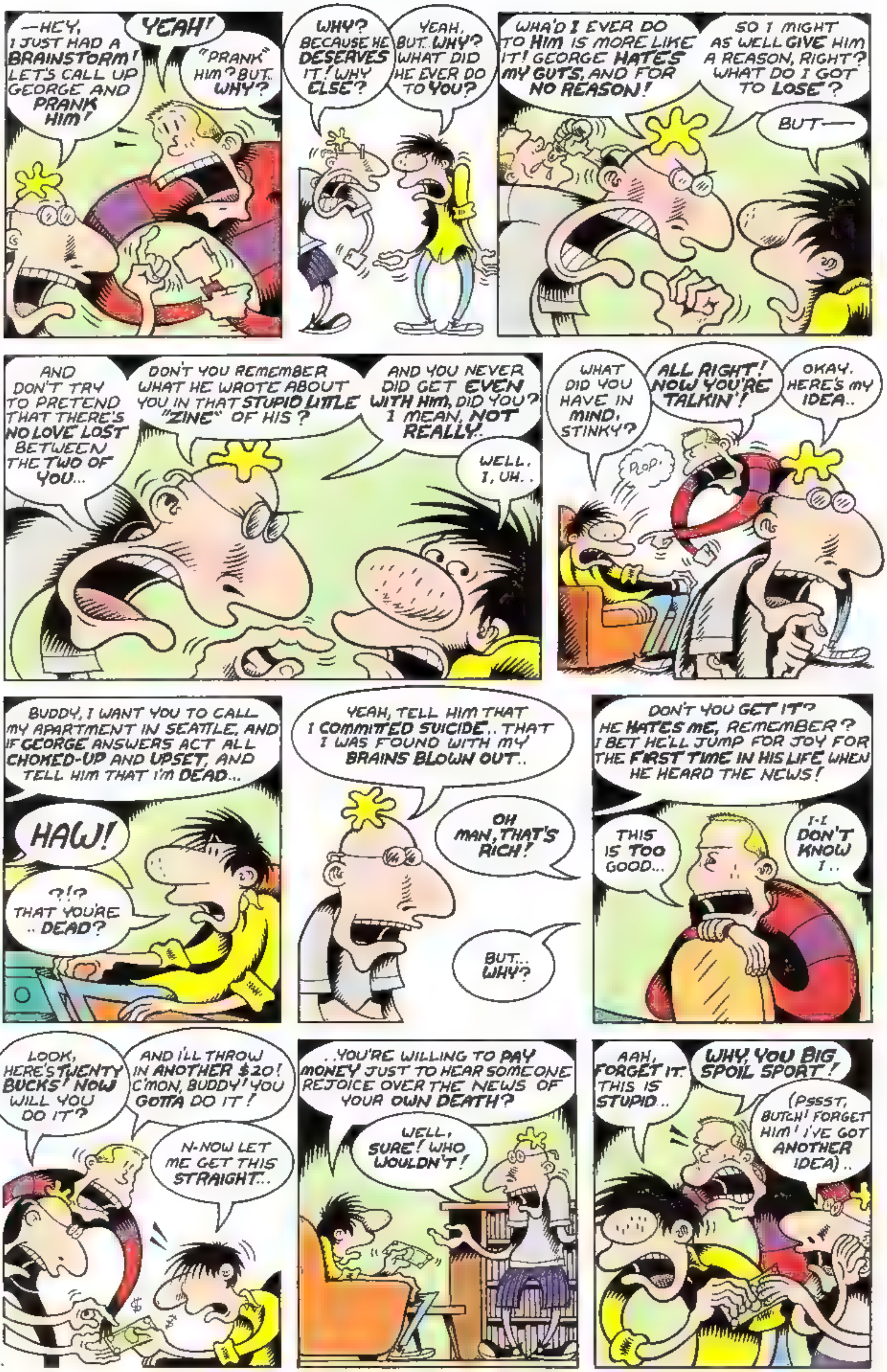
YO, BUDDY! LONG TIME NO SEE!
HEY, STINKY! YOU REMEMBER JAY, DON'T YA?
HIYA, STINKY!
YEAH, SURE. HOW YA DOIN'?
...SO, THIS IS THE JUNK SHOP YOU MOVED BACK TO JERSEY JUST TO OPEN UP, HUH?
IT LOOKS LIKE THE SET FROM "SANFORD AND SON"...
HEH-HEH... I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT...
A "COMPLIMENT," HUH? WELL, YOU ALWAYS WERE AN OLD MAN AT HEART... YUCK! YUCK!
(YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN)...
NUDGE!
...SO, WHERE'S ALL THE MONEY HIDDEN?
HUH?
WHAT MONEY?
RUB! RUB!
OH, COME OFF IT, BUDDY! I KNOW WHAT A MISER YOU ARE!
?
BESIDES, WORD ON THE STREET SAYS THIS PLACE IS A GOLD-MINE!
SO WHERE IS IT, BURIED IN THE BASEMENT OR SOMETHING?
WHO TOLD YOU THIS PLACE IS A "GOLD-MINE"?
WHO? WELL, YOUR BROTHER, FOR ONE...
OH REALLY? WELL, MY BROTHER'S GOT HIS HEAD UP HIS ASS!
WHOA, HEY, I DIDN'T THINK HE MEANT IT LITERALLY!
...THOUGH JUDGING FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE I WONDER IF MAYBE HE DID! HAW!
HAW!
VERY FUNNY...
C'MON, BUDDY! LET'S GO FOR A SPIN IN MY SPIFFY LITTLE RENT-A-CAR, Hmm? WHADAYASAY, Hmm?
OH, I'D LOVE TO, BUT I, UH—
B&J COLLECTORS EMPORIUM
GO AHEAD, BUDDY. I'LL STAY BEHIND AND GUARD OUR "BURIED TREASURE"...
GOOD MAN! AND DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF "GRAMPS" HERE...
...COME ALONG, GRANDPA! IT'S TIME TO GO CASH YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK!
NYUK! NYUK!
HA-HA... I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT A LAUGH RIOT YOU ARE, STINKY...

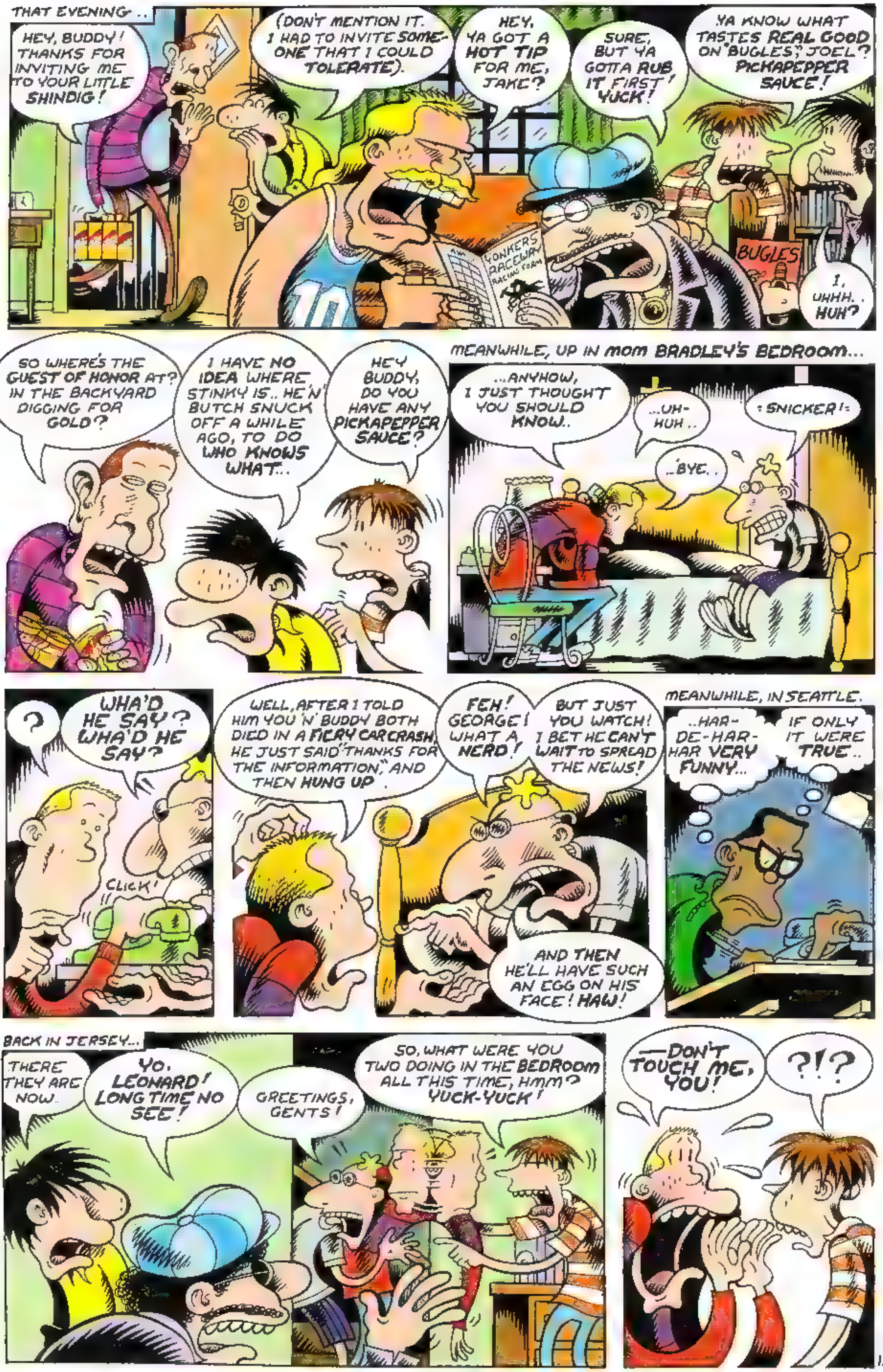

...AND WHAT POSSESSED YOU TO RENT THIS SORORITY-GIRL MOBILE?
I DIDN'T. MY SISTER RENTED IT FOR ME...
I TOLD HER TO GET ME SOMETHING "SPORTY," AND THIS IS WHAT SHE CAME UP WITH...
...I WOULD'VE PICKED ONE OUT FOR MYSELF, ONLY MY DRIVER'S LICENSE WAS REVOKED... HEH-HEH!
OH, I, UH...SEE...
?
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS...
...LET ME CLEAR ALL MY STUFF OFF YOUR SEAT...
?!? WAS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
WHAT, THIS? THIS IS "SUZI THE UZI"...
I NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT HER! HEE-YUCK!
?!?!?
SO WHERE TO, HMM? I SAY WE—
STINKY, WHY IS THERE A MACHINE GUN BEHIND MY SEAT?
VAROOOOOOOM...
HMM? WHY, ARE YOU AFRAID IT'LL GO OFF IF WE HIT A BUMP OR SOMETHING?
I COULD PUT IT IN THE TRUNK IF YOU'D—
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH A FUCKIN' UZI?!
YEESH! YOU DON'T HAVE TO YELL! I'M NOT DEAF, Y'KNOW...
JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION, PLEASE...
WELL, I WAS DELIVERING DOPE FOR THIS GUY BACK IN SEATTLE—YOU REMEMBER YAHT'ZI MURPHY, DON'T YOU?
GOOD GOD, YES— IS HE THE REASON YOU BOUGHT A GUN?
IT'S HIS GUN! HE GAVE IT TO ME FOR PROTECTION, 'CUZ I KEPT GETTING ROBBED BY THESE TEENAGERS WHO KNEW I WAS HOLDIN'...
IT WORKED, TOO. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SHOW IT AND THEY'D RUN AWAY, THE PUSSIES!
BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T ANSWER MY—
I JUST GOT USED TO HAVING IT, IS ALL! PLUS YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY...
SO YOU KEEP IT READY AND LOADED AT ALL TIMES?
L-LOADED? OF COURSE NOT! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, NUTS OR SOMETHING?
JUST CHECKING, IS ALL...
JESUS CHRIST!

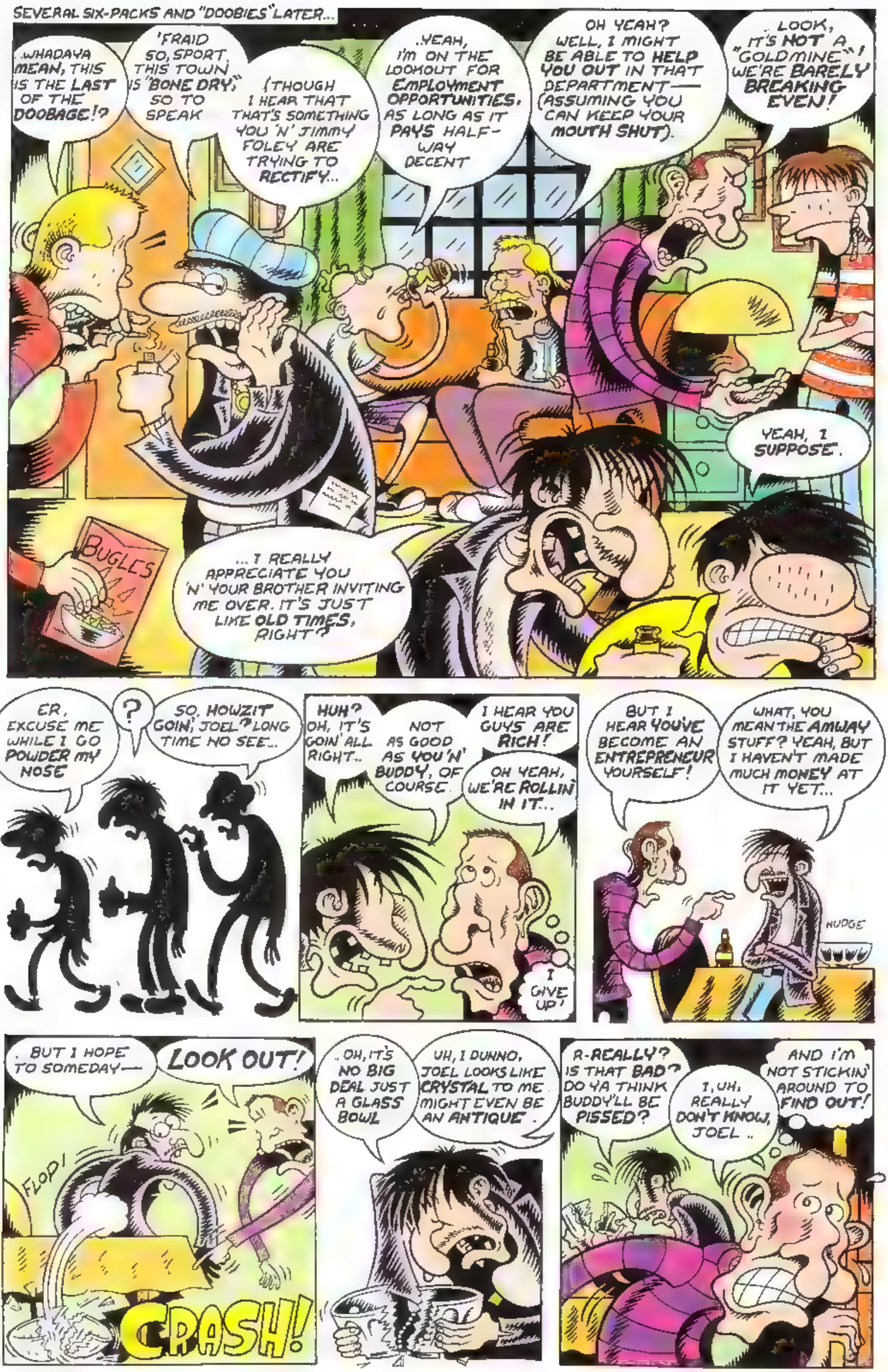

LATER
WELP, HERE WE ARE AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD. DOES IT BRING BACK ANY OLD MEMORIES FOR YOU?
UH-HUH.. ONLY WHO'S THE BIG GOON STANDING NEXT TO YOUR BROTHER?
HAW! GET A LOAD OF THESE TWO!
THEY'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES ALL RIGHT..
PUTT PUTT
U.S. MAIL
THE BRADLEYS
(THAT'S MY NEIGHBOR, JIMMY FOLEY. REMEMBER HIM?)
(UGH! DO I EVER!)
YO, LEONARD BROWN! WHERE'D YOU GET THE "WHEELS," MAN?
YOU GUYS LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF CLOWNS!
HEY, FOLEY. HOWZIT HANGIN'?
A LITTLE TO THE LEFT. WHATZIT TO YA?..
LOOK, I GOTTA HEAD HOME FOR A SEC, BUT I'LL BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE PARTY, SO I'LL SEE YOU THEN!
PARTY? WHAT PARTY?
HEY STINKY, DON'T YOU KNOW A MIADA'S A GIRL'S CAR?
LATER STILL, INSIDE
SO WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A "PARTY", BUTCH?
OH, I JUST INVITED A FEW OF THE OLD HOMIES TO STOP BY LATER THIS EVENING...
I FIGURED STINKY HERE MIGHT LIKE TO DO SOME RE-ACQUAINTIN'..

OH YEAH? AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK STINKY WANTS TO GET RE-ACQUAINTED WITH THE LIKES OF JIMMY FOLEY?
NO KIDDING! THAT ASSHOLE BEAT ME UP IN THE EIGHTH GRADE JUST FOR "LOOKING AT HIM FUNNY"!
AAAH, HE'S NOT LIKE THAT ANYMORE HE'S COOL NOW.
OH YEAH, HE'S A REAL COOL GUY..
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU ALWAYS PUTTING DOWN JIMMY FOLEY FOR? YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST HIM OR WHAT?
YEAH, HE BEAT UP MY GOOD FRIEND STINKY BACK IN THE EIGHTH GRADE ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?
ARRRGH..
HEH-HEH.
...ANYHOW, "JAKE THE SNAKE" AND "PENCILS" ARE COMING OVER, TOO...
OH YEAH, I REMEMBER THOSE TWO.. THEY'RE STILL A TEAM, HUH?
...HEY BUDDY, WEREN'T THOSE GUYS SUPPOSED TO BE HOMOS OR SOME-THING?
I, UH...
WHAT? NO WAY!
NO, SERIOUSLY, I DISTINCTLY REMEM-BER A STORY ABOUT THE TWO OF THEM GETTING CAUGHT WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN YEARS AGO...
OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! IN FACT, ISN'T THAT HOW "PENCILS" GOT HIS NICK-NAME?
UH-HUH HE WAS THE "PENCIL" AND JAKE WAS THE "SHARPENER". >SNICKER!<
BAW-HAW! HAW!
?!?
OH, OKAY, NOW I KNOW YOU GUYS ARE PULLING MY LEG... RIGHT?
HEY, DO YOU RECALL WHO IT WAS WHO SAW THE TWO OF THEM GOIN' AT IT IN THE WOODS? 'CUZ I FORGET..
UH-HUH.
IT WAS OUR SISTER, BABS
BABS? NO WAY!
WIPE!
IF THIS IS TRUE THEN HOW COME I NEVER HEARD ABOUT IT BEFORE?
I MEAN, JAKE IS MARRIED AND EVERY-THING!
SO HE'S MARRIED, SO WHAT? STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED.
GO ASK BABS IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US!
OH, I WILL! BELIEVE YOU ME!
HOW OLD WAS BAB AT THE TIME? 12? 13? CAN YOU IMAGINE THE LOOK ON HER FACE? HAW!
HEH-HEH.

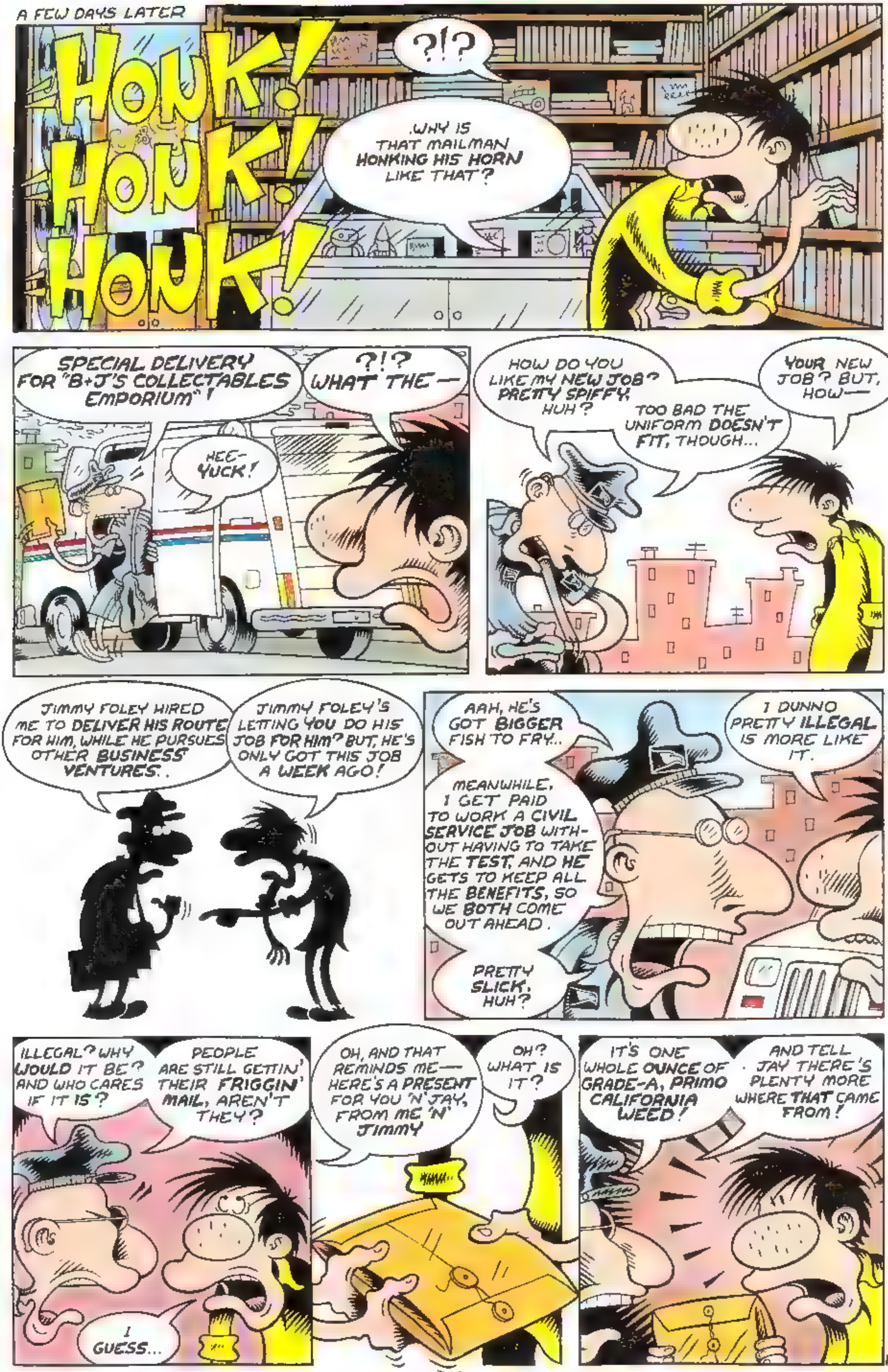

SO, WHAT OTHER WINNERS HAVE YOU INVITED OVER, BUTCH? HEH-HEH
THAT'S IT. NO ONE ELSE..
OH, EXCEPT I BUMPED INTO JOEL TODAY, SO I INVITED HIM, TOO.
?!? DID YOU SAY JOEL?!
FORGET IT. NO PARTY.
?
WHAT?
OH, GET OVER IT, BUDDY! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES!
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO'S JOEL?
OUR SISTER'S EX, AND HE MAKES THE REST OF THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE PRINCES IN COMPARISON!
HE'S NOT THAT BAD! AND I SAY THE PARTY'S ON!
GO AHEAD AND HIDE IN YOUR ROOM IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE!
I'M NOT "HIDING." I'M JUST GETTING ANOTHER BEER
GET ME ONE TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, BUDDY...
..HEY STINKY, I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO ASK YA: WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT COLORED GUY YOU USED TO LIVE WITH...WHATZIZNAME?
GEORGE, AND I STILL LIVE WITH HIM, I'M SORRY TO SAY...
WHY? WHA'D HE DO?
THAT GUY HAS, LIKE, NO SENSE OF HUMOR AT ALL..
OH, NOTHING IN PARTICULAR. I'M JUST SICK OF HIS FREAKY, NERDISH WAYS..
I'M GONNA LOOK FOR MY OWN PLACE AS SOON AS I GET BACK TO SEATTLE...
...THAT IS, IF I GO BACK..
THANKS, PAL!
?
ERRR.. WHADAYA MEAN, "IF"?
HMM? OH, WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW, I MIGHT JUST STICK AROUND HERE IF IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S WORTH MY WHILE.
TWIST
'CUZ WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I'LL GET A GOLDMINE OF A BUSINESS OF MY OWN STARTED UP, JUST LIKE YOU DID! =SNICKER!=
HAW!
HEH-HEH.
OH NO!

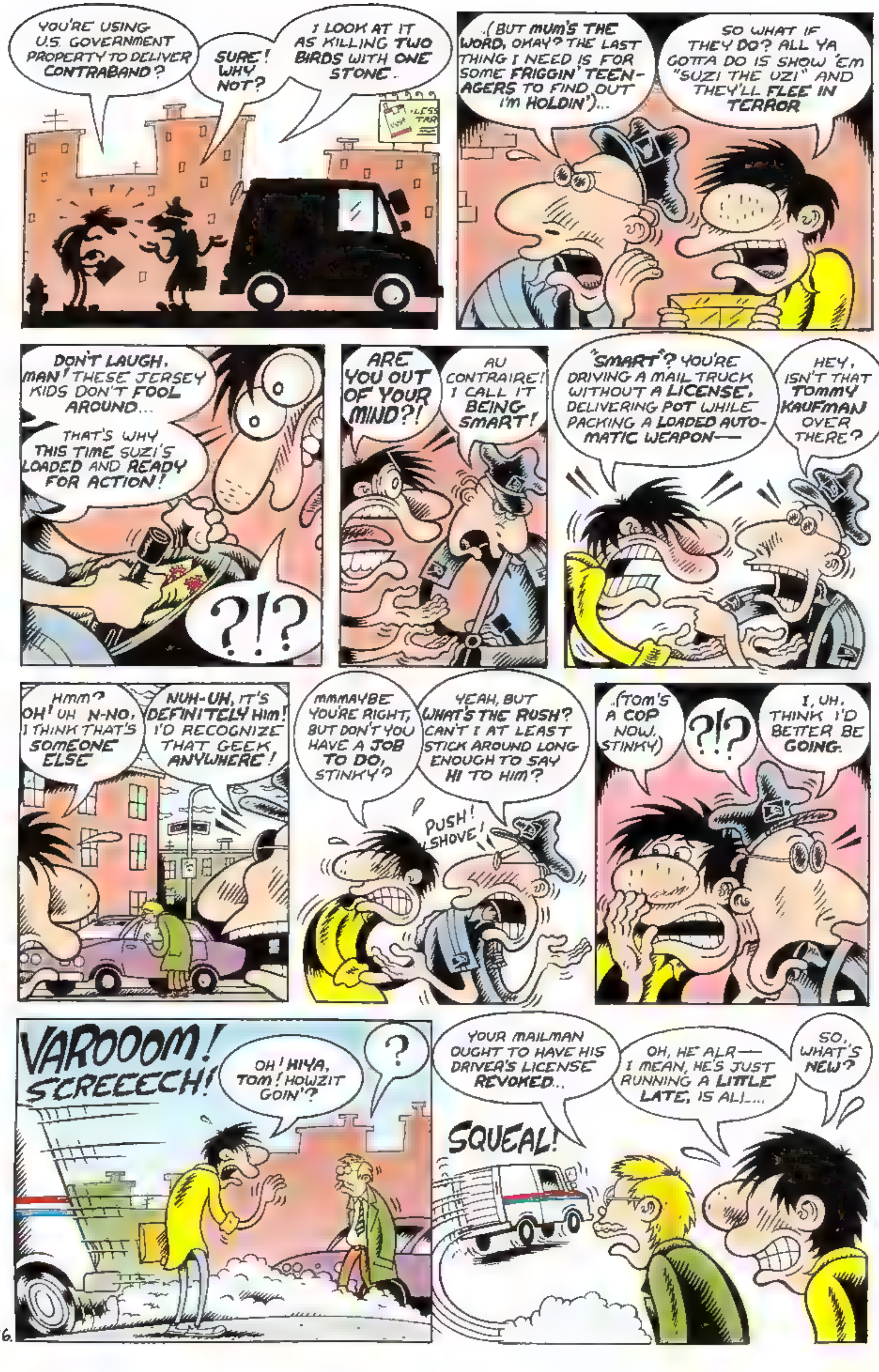

—HEY, I JUST HAD A BRAINSTORM! LET'S CALL UP GEORGE AND PRANK HIM!
YEAH!
"PRANK" HIM? BUT, WHY?
WHY? BECAUSE HE DESERVES IT! WHY ELSE?
YEAH, BUT.. WHY? WHAT DID HE EVER DO TO YOU?
WHA'D I EVER DO TO HIM IS MORE LIKE IT! GEORGE HATE'S MY GUTS, AND FOR NO REASON!
SO I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE HIM A REASON, RIGHT? WHAT DO I GOT TO LOSE?
BUT—
AND DON'T TRY TO PRETEND THAT THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU...
DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HE WROTE ABOUT YOU IN THAT STUPID LITTLE "ZINE" OF HIS?
AND YOU NEVER DID GET EVEN WITH HIM, DID YOU? I MEAN, NOT REALLY..
WELL, I, UH..
WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND, STINKY?
PLOP!
ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!
OKAY. HERE'S MY IDEA..
BUDDY, I WANT YOU TO CALL MY APARTMENT IN SEATTLE, AND IF GEORGE ANSWERS ACT ALL CHOKED-UP AND UPSET, AND TELL HIM THAT I'M DEAD...
HAW!
?!? THAT YOU'RE ..DEAD?
YEAH, TELL HIM THAT I COMMITTED SUICIDE.. THAT I WAS FOUND WITH MY BRAINS BLOWN OUT..
OH MAN, THAT'S RICH!
BUT... WHY?
DON'T YOU GET IT? HE HATES ME, REMEMBER? I BET HE'LL JUMP FOR JOY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS!
THIS IS TOO GOOD...
I-I DON'T KNOW I..
LOOK, HERE'S TWENTY BUCKS! NOW WILL YOU DO IT?
AND I'LL THROW IN ANOTHER $20! C'MON, BUDDY! YOU GOTTA DO IT!
N-NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...
..YOU'RE WILLING TO PAY MONEY JUST TO HEAR SOMEONE REJOICE OVER THE NEWS OF YOUR OWN DEATH?
WELL, SURE! WHO WOULDN'T!
AAH, FORGET IT. THIS IS STUPID..
WHY, YOU BIG SPOIL SPORT!
(PSSST, BUTCH! FORGET HIM! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA)..

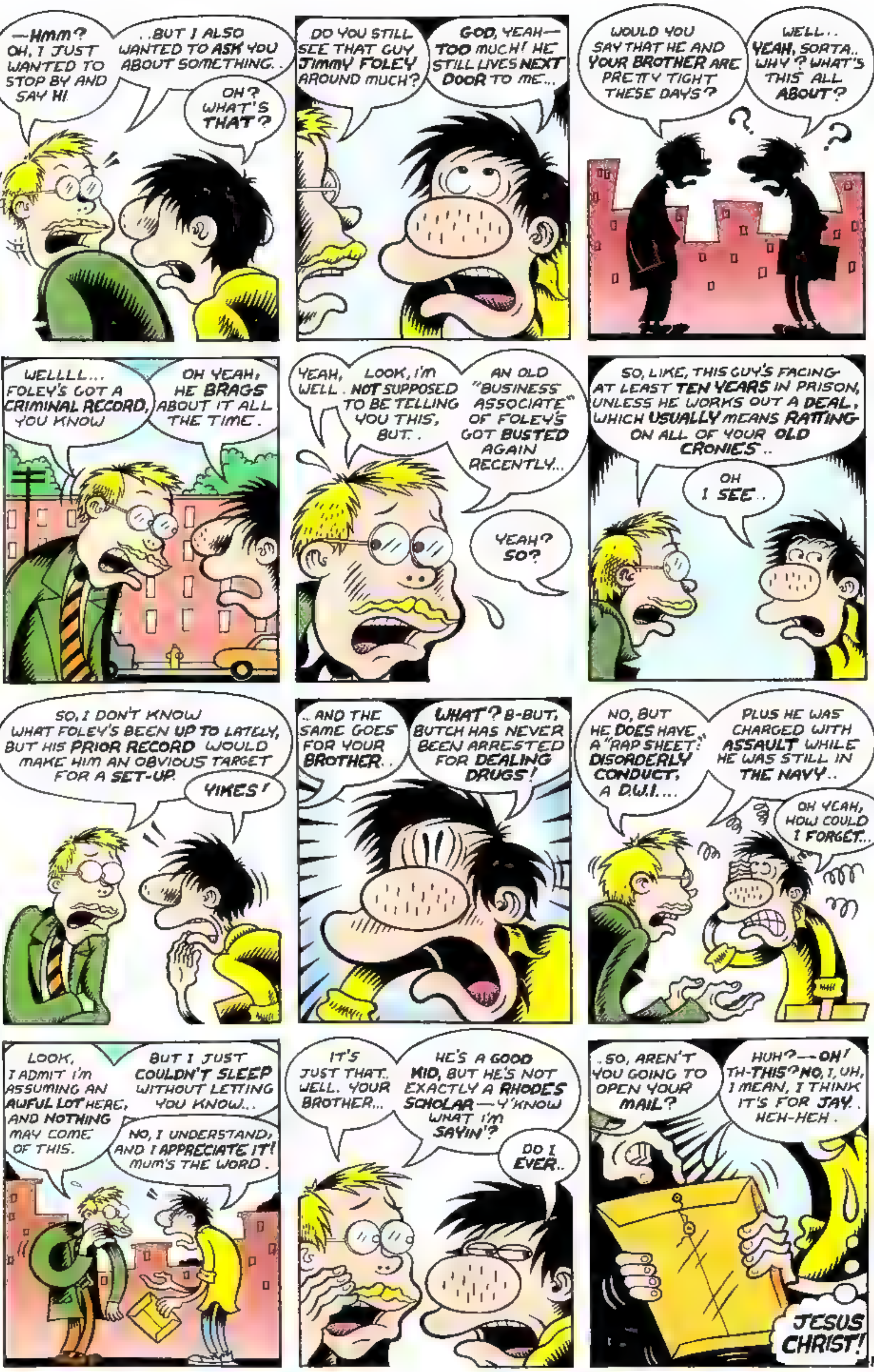

THAT EVENING...
HEY, BUDDY! THANKS FOR INVITING ME TO YOUR LITTLE SHINDIG!
(DON'T MENTION IT. I HAD TO INVITE SOMEONE THAT I COULD TOLERATE).
HEY, YA GOT A HOT TIP FOR ME, JAKE?
SURE, BUT YA GOTTA RUB IT FIRST! YUCK!
YA KNOW WHAT TASTES REAL GOOD ON "BUGLES," JOEL? PICKAPEPPER SAUCE!
YONKERS RACEWAY RACING FORM
BUGLES
I, UHHH.. HUH?
SO WHERE'S THE GUEST OF HONOR AT? IN THE BACKYARD DIGGING FOR GOLD?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE STINKY IS.. HE 'N' BUTCH SNUCK OFF A WHILE AGO, TO DO WHO KNOWS WHAT...
HEY BUDDY, DO YOU HAVE ANY PICKAPEPPER SAUCE?
MEANWHILE, UP IN MOM BRADLEY'S BEDROOM...
...ANYHOW, I JUST THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW..
...UH-HUH..
:SNICKER!:
..BYE..
?
WHA'D HE SAY? WHA'D HE SAY?
CLICK!
WELL, AFTER I TOLD HIM YOU 'N' BUDDY BOTH DIED IN A FIERY CAR CRASH, HE JUST SAID "THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION," AND THEN HUNG UP.
FEH! GEORGE! WHAT A NERD!
BUT JUST YOU WATCH! I BET HE CAN'T WAIT TO SPREAD THE NEWS!
AND THEN HE'LL HAVE SUCH AN EGG ON HIS FACE! HAW!
MEANWHILE, IN SEATTLE.
..HAR-DE-HAR-HAR VERY FUNNY...
IF ONLY IT WERE TRUE..
BACK IN JERSEY...
THERE THEY ARE NOW..
YO, LEONARD! LONG TIME NO SEE!
GREETINGS, GENTS!
SO, WHAT WERE YOU TWO DOING IN THE BEDROOM ALL THIS TIME, HMM? YUCK-YUCK!
—DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU!
?!?

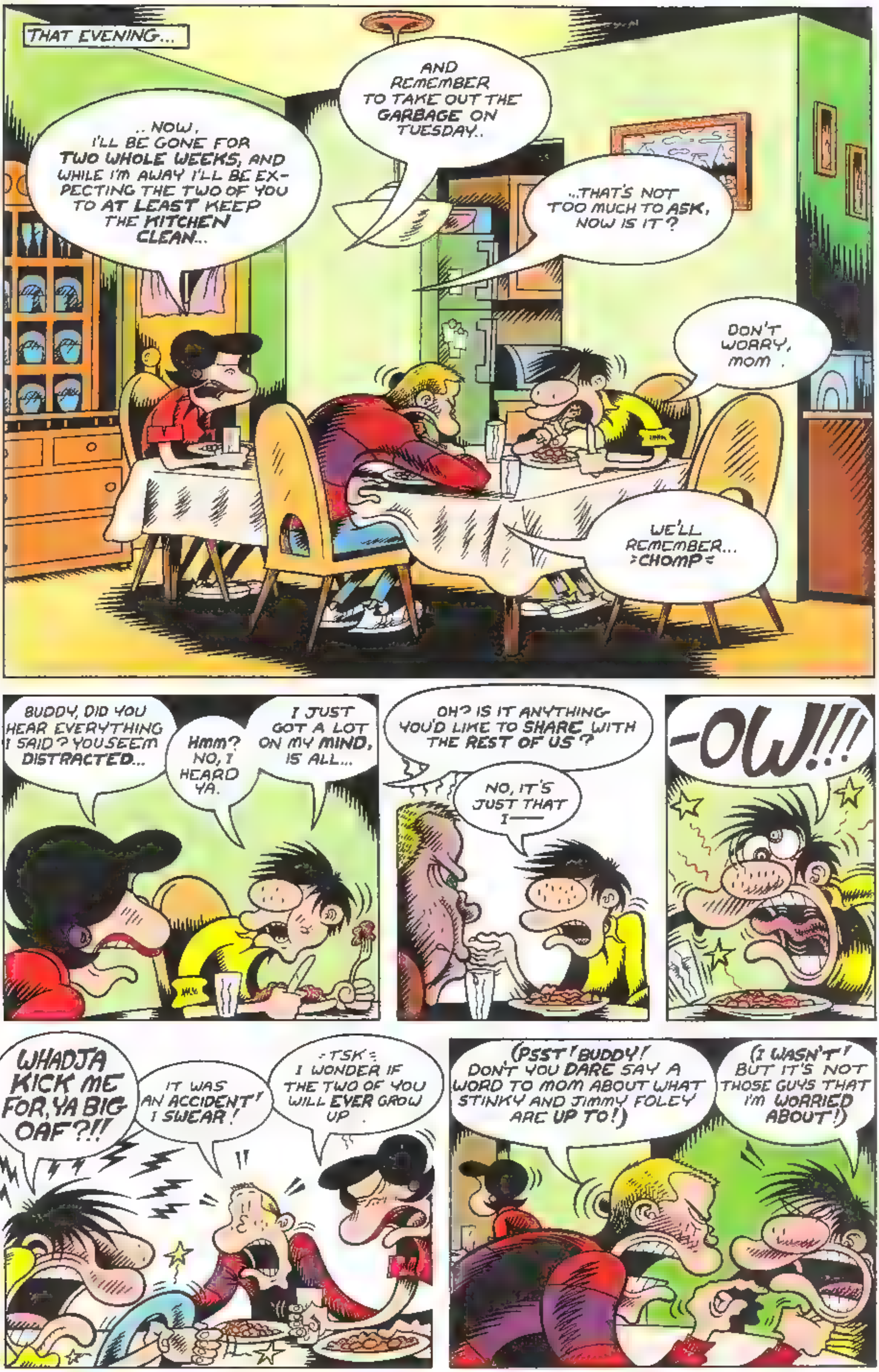


SEVERAL SIX-PACKS AND "DOOBIES" LATER...
..WHADAYA MEAN, THIS IS THE LAST OF THE DOOBAGE!?
'FRAID SO, SPORT. THIS TOWN IS "BONE DRY," SO TO SPEAK
(THOUGH I HEAR THAT THAT'S SOMETHING YOU 'N' JIMMY FOLEY ARE TRYING TO RECTIFY...
..YEAH, I'M ON THE LOOKOUT FOR EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES, AS LONG AS IT PAYS HALF-WAY DECENT
OH YEAH? WELL, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT IN THAT DEPARTMENT— (ASSUMING YOU CAN KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT).
..LOOK, IT'S NOT A "GOLDMINE"! WE'RE BARELY BREAKING EVEN!
YEAH, I SUPPOSE.
BUGLES
...I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU 'N' YOUR BROTHER INVITING ME OVER. IT'S JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, RIGHT?
ER, EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO POWDER MY NOSE
?
SO, HOWZIT GOIN', JOEL? LONG TIME NO SEE...
HUH? OH, IT'S GOIN' ALL RIGHT..
NOT AS GOOD AS YOU 'N' BUDDY, OF COURSE.
I HEAR YOU GUYS ARE RICH!
OH YEAH, WE'RE ROLLIN' IN IT...
I GIVE UP!
BUT I HEAR YOU'VE BECOME AN ENTREPRENEUR YOURSELF!
WHAT, YOU MEAN THE AMWAY STUFF? YEAH, BUT I HAVEN'T MADE MUCH MONEY AT IT YET...
NUDGE
..BUT I HOPE TO SOMEDAY—
LOOK OUT!
FLOP!
CRASH!
..OH, IT'S NO BIG DEAL. JUST A GLASS BOWL
UH, I DUNNO, JOEL LOOKS LIKE CRYSTAL TO ME. MIGHT EVEN BE AN ANTIQUE.
R-REALLY? IS THAT BAD? DO YA THINK BUDDY'LL BE PISSED?
I, UH, REALLY DON'T KNOW, JOEL..
AND I'M NOT STICKIN' AROUND TO FIND OUT!


A FEW DAYS LATER
HONK! HONK! HONK!
?!?
WHY IS THAT MAILMAN HONKING HIS HORN LIKE THAT?
SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR "B+J'S COLLECTABLES EMPORIUM"!
?!? WHAT THE—
HEE-YUCK!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW JOB? PRETTY SPIFFY, HUH?
TOO BAD THE UNIFORM DOESN'T FIT, THOUGH...
YOUR NEW JOB? BUT, HOW—
JIMMY FOLEY HIRED ME TO DELIVER HIS ROUTE FOR HIM, WHILE HE PURSUES OTHER BUSINESS VENTURES..
JIMMY FOLEY'S LETTING YOU DO HIS JOB FOR HIM? BUT, HE'S ONLY GOT THIS JOB A WEEK AGO!
AAH, HE'S GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY...
MEANWHILE, I GET PAID TO WORK A CIVIL SERVICE JOB WITH-OUT HAVING TO TAKE THE TEST, AND HE GETS TO KEEP ALL THE BENEFITS, SO WE BOTH COME OUT AHEAD.
PRETTY SLICK, HUH?
I DUNNO PRETTY ILLEGAL IS MORE LIKE IT.
ILLEGAL? WHY WOULD IT BE? AND WHO CARES IF IT IS?
PEOPLE ARE STILL GETTIN' THEIR FRIGGIN' MAIL, AREN'T THEY?
I GUESS...
OH, AND THAT REMINDS ME— HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU 'N' JAY, FROM ME 'N' JIMMY
OH? WHAT IS IT?
IT'S ONE WHOLE OUNCE OF GRADE-A, PRIMO CALIFORNIA WEED!
AND TELL JAY THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

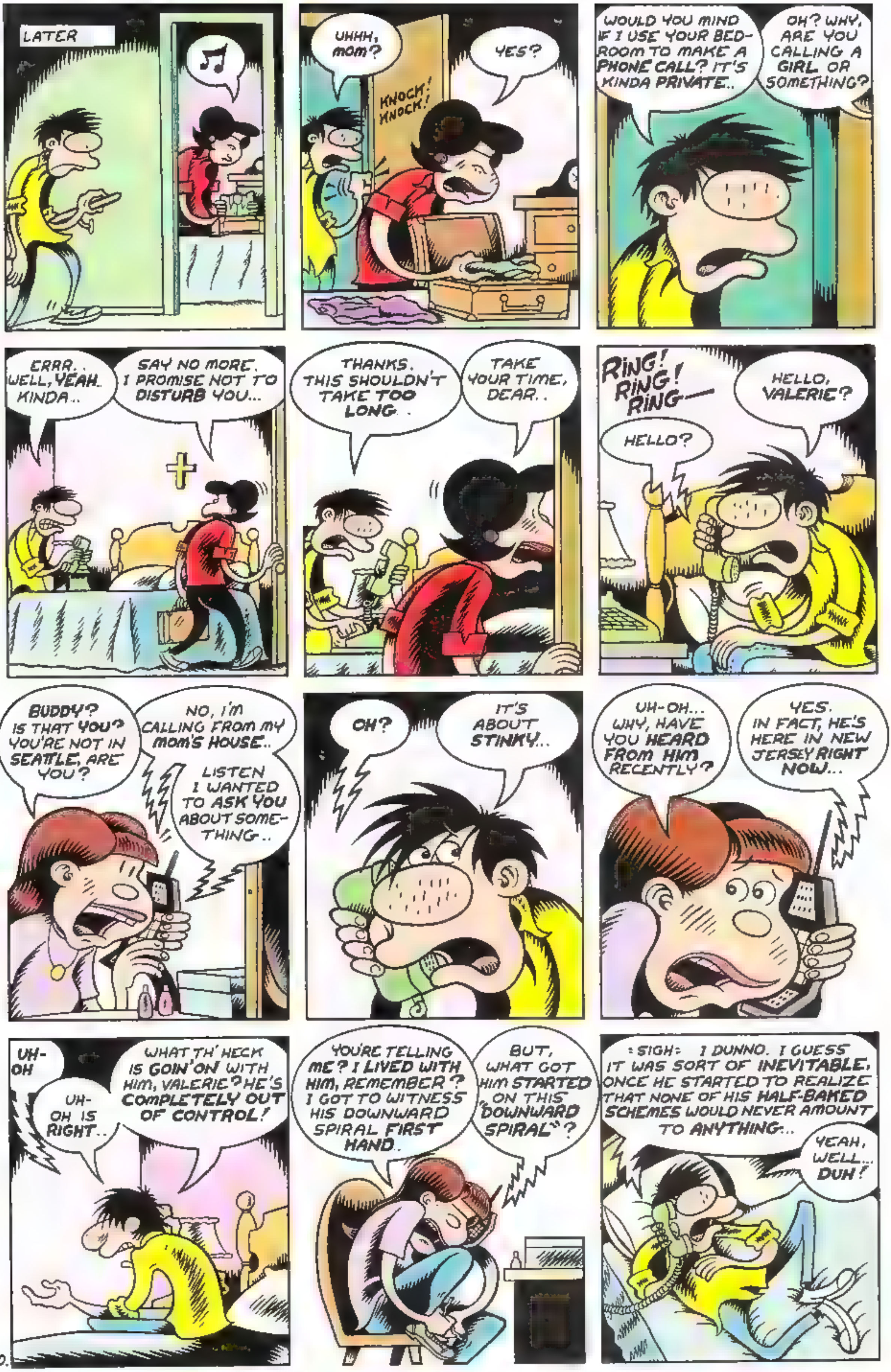

YOU'RE USING U.S. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY TO DELIVER CONTRABAND?
SURE! WHY NOT?
I LOOK AT IT AS KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
..(BUT MUM'S THE WORD, OKAY? THE LAST THING I NEED IS FOR SOME FRIGGIN' TEEN-AGERS TO FIND OUT I'M HOLDIN')...
SO WHAT IF THEY DO? ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SHOW 'EM "SUZI THE UZI" AND THEY'LL FLEE IN TERROR
DON'T LAUGH, MAN! THESE JERSEY KIDS DON'T FOOL AROUND...
THAT'S WHY THIS TIME SUZI'S LOADED AND READY FOR ACTION!
?!?
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!
AU CONTRAIRE! I CALL IT BEING SMART!
"SMART"? YOU'RE DRIVING A MAIL TRUCK WITHOUT A LICENSE, DELIVERING POT WHILE PACKING A LOADED AUTO-MATIC WEAPON—
HEY, ISN'T THAT TOMMY KAUFMAN OVER THERE?
HMM? OH! UH N-NO, I THINK THAT'S SOMEONE ELSE
NUH-UH, IT'S DEFINITELY HIM! I'D RECOGNIZE THAT GEEK ANYWHERE!
MMMAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT DON'T YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO, STINKY?
YEAH, BUT WHAT'S THE RUSH? CAN'T I AT LEAST STICK AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO SAY HI TO HIM?
PUSH! SHOVE!
..(TOM'S A COP NOW, STINKY)
?!?
I, UH, THINK I'D BETTER BE GOING.
VAROOOM! SCREEECH!
OH! HIYA, TOM! HOWZIT GOIN'?
?
YOUR MAILMAN OUGHT TO HAVE HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE REVOKED...
SQUEAL!
OH, HE ALR— I MEAN, HE'S JUST RUNNING A LITTLE LATE, IS ALL...
SO, WHAT'S NEW?

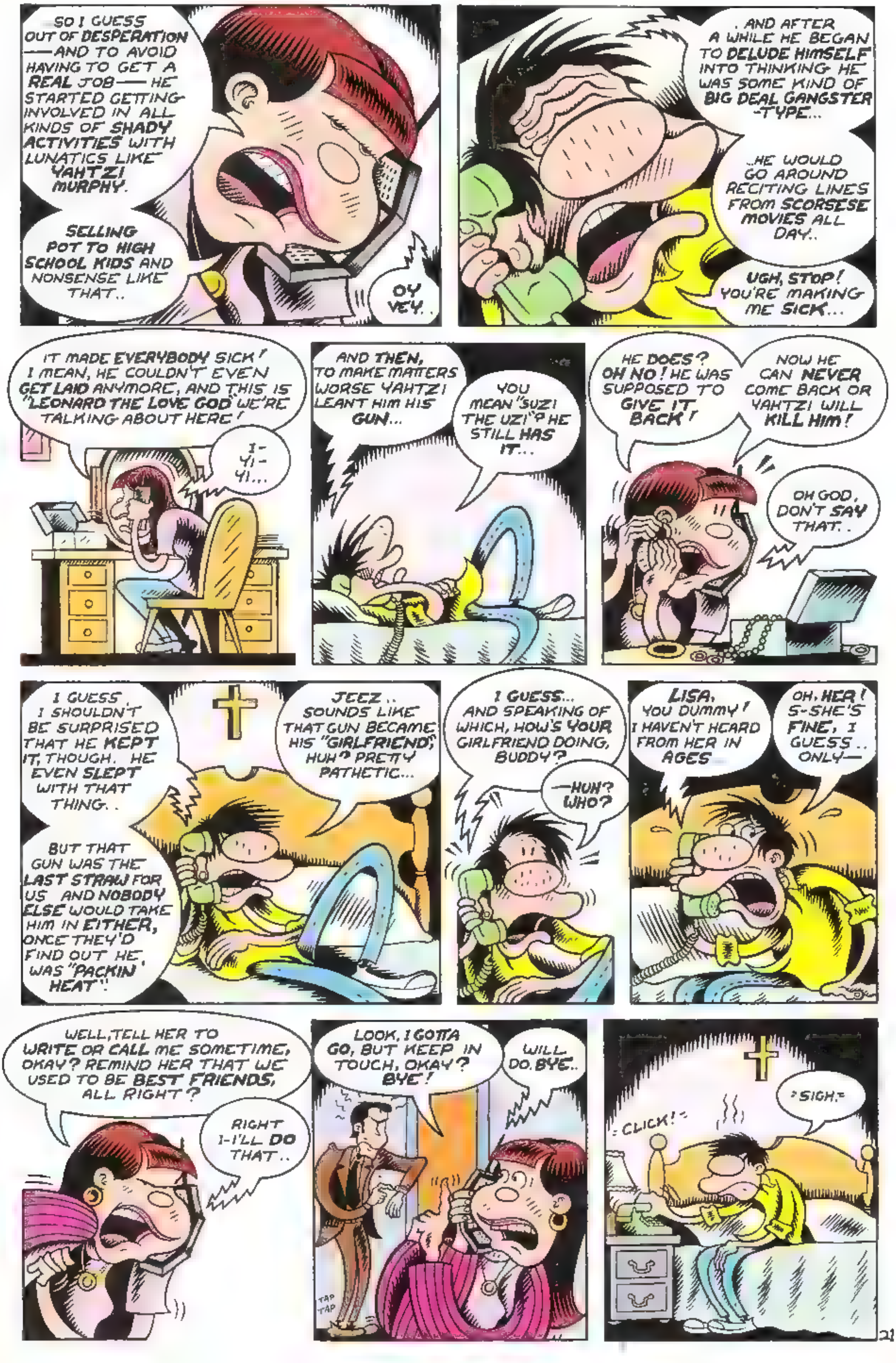

—HMM? OH, I JUST WANTED TO STOP BY AND SAY HI.
..BUT I ALSO WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT SOMETHING..
OH? WHAT'S THAT?
DO YOU STILL SEE THAT GUY JIMMY FOLEY AROUND MUCH?
GOD, YEAH— TOO MUCH! HE STILL LIVES NEXT DOOR TO ME...
WOULD YOU SAY THAT HE AND YOUR BROTHER ARE PRETTY TIGHT THESE DAYS?
WELL.. YEAH, SORTA.. WHY? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
WELLLL... FOLEY'S GOT A CRIMINAL RECORD, YOU KNOW
OH YEAH, HE BRAGS ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME.
YEAH, WELL.. LOOK, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE TELLING YOU THIS, BUT..
AN OLD "BUSINESS ASSOCIATE" OF FOLEY'S GOT BUSTED AGAIN RECENTLY...
YEAH? SO?
SO, LIKE, THIS GUY'S FACING AT LEAST TEN YEARS IN PRISON, UNLESS HE WORKS OUT A DEAL, WHICH USUALLY MEANS RATTING ON ALL OF YOUR OLD CRONIES..
OH I SEE..
SO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT FOLEY'S BEEN UP TO LATELY, BUT HIS PRIOR RECORD WOULD MAKE HIM AN OBVIOUS TARGET FOR A SET-UP.
YIKES!
..AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOUR BROTHER..
WHAT? B-BUT, BUTCH HAS NEVER BEEN ARRESTED FOR DEALING DRUGS!
NO, BUT HE DOES HAVE A "RAP SHEET": DISORDERLY CONDUCT, A D.U.I....
PLUS HE WAS CHARGED WITH ASSAULT WHILE HE WAS STILL IN THE NAVY..
OH YEAH, HOW COULD I FORGET...
LOOK, I ADMIT I'M ASSUMING AN AWFUL LOT HERE, AND NOTHING MAY COME OF THIS.
BUT I JUST COULDN'T SLEEP WITHOUT LETTING YOU KNOW...
NO, I UNDERSTAND, AND I APPRECIATE IT! MUM'S THE WORD.
IT'S JUST THAT.. WELL.. YOUR BROTHER...
HE'S A GOOD KID, BUT HE'S NOT EXACTLY A RHODES SCHOLAR — Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
DO I EVER..
..SO, AREN'T YOU GOING TO OPEN YOUR MAIL?
HUH?—OH! TH-THIS? NO, I, UH, I MEAN, I THINK IT'S FOR JAY.. HEH-HEH.
JESUS CHRIST!

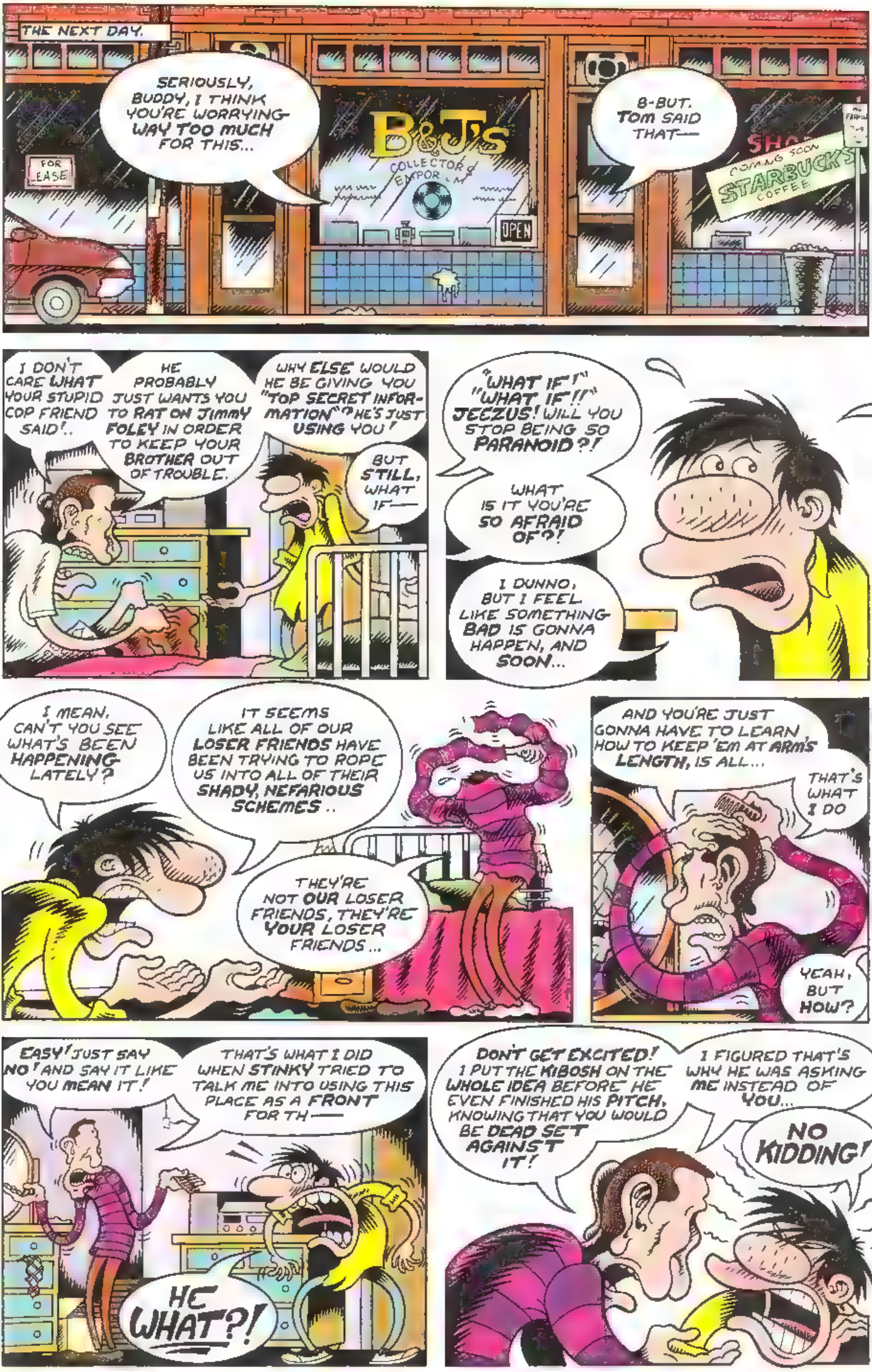


THAT EVENING...
.. NOW, I'LL BE GONE FOR TWO WHOLE WEEKS, AND WHILE I'M AWAY I'LL BE EX-PECTING THE TWO OF YOU TO AT LEAST KEEP THE KITCHEN CLEAN...
AND REMEMBER TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE ON TUESDAY..
..THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK, NOW IS IT?
DON'T WORRY, MOM.
WE'LL REMEMBER... >CHOMP<
BUDDY, DID YOU HEAR EVERYTHING I SAID? YOU SEEM DISTRACTED...
HMM? NO, I HEARD YA.
I JUST GOT A LOT ON MY MIND, IS ALL...
OH? IS IT ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE WITH THE REST OF US?
NO, IT'S JUST THAT I—
-OW!!!
WHADJA KICK ME FOR, YA BIG OAF?!!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I SWEAR!
=TSK= I WONDER IF THE TWO OF YOU WILL EVER GROW UP.
(PSST! BUDDY! DON'T YOU DARE SAY A WORD TO MOM ABOUT WHAT STINKY AND JIMMY FOLEY ARE UP TO!)
(I WASN'T! BUT IT'S NOT THOSE GUYS THAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT!)

AND DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME, EITHER! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
BUT, TOM SAID—
I DON'T CARE WHAT THAT COP SAID! HE CAN BLOW IT OUT HIS PIG ASS!
WHAT DOES HE THINK I AM, STUPID!?
:CHOMP!:
:SIGH:
NO COMMENT
..MUMBLE.. JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT IT MADE.. GRUMBLE
HUH? WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!
..NOTHIN'..
HEY, YOU WANNA SEE HOW MUCH I HAVE IN MY BANK ACCOUNT? HMMM? DO YOU?!
NAH DON'T BOTHER.
HERE, LOOK! I WANT YOU TO LOOK! THEN MAYBE YOU'LL STOP TELLING EVERY-ONE HOW "RICH" I AM!
THERE! SEE?
NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED? HMMM?
...WELL?
..YEAH, WELL.. AT LEAST YOU GOT A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS GOIN'...
...THE REST OF US GUYS DON'T GOT NOTHIN' GOIN' FOR US...
IS THAT SO? AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT? HMMM? WHO?
'CUZ IT SURE AS HELL AIN'T MINE, I'LL TELL YOU THAT MUCH...
...AAAH.. I BET HE'S GOT A TON OF MONEY STASHED AWAY SOMEWHERE..
CHOMP!


LATER
UHHH, MOM?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
YES?
WOULD YOU MIND IF I USE YOUR BED-ROOM TO MAKE A PHONE CALL? IT'S KINDA PRIVATE..
OH? WHY, ARE YOU CALLING A GIRL OR SOMETHING?
ERRR.. WELL, YEAH. KINDA...
SAY NO MORE. I PROMISE NOT TO DISTURB YOU...
THANKS. THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG..
TAKE YOUR TIME, DEAR..
RING! RING! RING—
HELLO?
HELLO, VALERIE?
BUDDY? IS THAT YOU? YOU'RE NOT IN SEATTLE, ARE YOU?
NO, I'M CALLING FROM MY MOM'S HOUSE..
LISTEN I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT SOME-THING...
OH?
IT'S ABOUT STINKY...
UH-OH... WHY, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM HIM RECENTLY?
YES. IN FACT, HE'S HERE IN NEW JERSEY RIGHT NOW...
UH-OH
UH-OH IS RIGHT..
WHAT TH' HECK IS GOIN' ON WITH HIM, VALERIE? HE'S COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? I LIVED WITH HIM, REMEMBER? I GOT TO WITNESS HIS DOWNWARD SPIRAL FIRST HAND.
BUT, WHAT GOT HIM STARTED ON THIS "DOWNWARD SPIRAL"?
:SIGH: I DUNNO. I GUESS IT WAS SORT OF INEVITABLE, ONCE HE STARTED TO REALIZE THAT NONE OF HIS HALF-BAKED SCHEMES WOULD NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING...
YEAH, WELL... DUH!


SO I GUESS OUT OF DESPERATION —AND TO AVOID HAVING TO GET A REAL JOB— HE STARTED GETTING INVOLVED IN ALL KINDS OF SHADY ACTIVITIES WITH LUNATICS LIKE YAHTZI MURPHY.
SELLING POT TO HIGH SCHOOL KIDS AND NONSENSE LIKE THAT..
OY VEY.
..AND AFTER A WHILE HE BEGAN TO DELUDE HIMSELF INTO THINKING HE WAS SOME KIND OF BIG DEAL GANGSTER -TYPE...
..HE WOULD GO AROUND RECITING LINES FROM SCORSESE MOVIES ALL DAY..
UGH, STOP! YOU'RE MAKING ME SICK...
IT MADE EVERYBODY SICK! I MEAN, HE COULDN'T EVEN GET LAID ANYMORE, AND THIS IS "LEONARD THE LOVE GOD" WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HERE!
I-YI-YI...
AND THEN, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE YAHTZI LEANT HIM HIS GUN...
YOU MEAN "SUZI THE UZI"? HE STILL HAS IT...
HE DOES? OH NO! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE IT BACK!
NOW HE CAN NEVER COME BACK OR YAHTZI WILL KILL HIM!
OH GOD, DON'T SAY THAT..
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED THAT HE KEPT IT, THOUGH. HE EVEN SLEPT WITH THAT THING..
BUT THAT GUN WAS THE LAST STRAW FOR US AND NOBODY ELSE WOULD TAKE HIM IN EITHER, ONCE THEY'D FIND OUT HE WAS "PACKIN' HEAT".
JEEZ.. SOUNDS LIKE THAT GUN BECAME HIS "GIRLFRIEND", HUH? PRETTY PATHETIC...
I GUESS... AND SPEAKING OF WHICH, HOW'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND DOING, BUDDY?
—HUH? WHO?
LISA, YOU DUMMY! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER IN AGES.
OH, HER! S-SHE'S FINE, I GUESS.. ONLY—
WELL, TELL HER TO WRITE OR CALL ME SOMETIME, OKAY? REMIND HER THAT WE USED TO BE BEST FRIENDS, ALL RIGHT?
RIGHT I-I'LL DO THAT..
LOOK, I GOTTA GO, BUT KEEP IN TOUCH, OKAY? BYE!
WILL DO. BYE..
TAP TAP
=CLICK!=
=SIGH.=



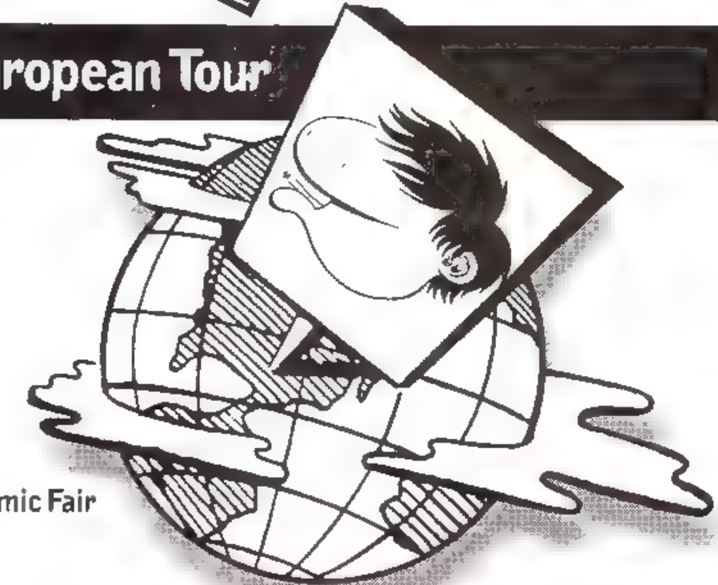
THE NEXT DAY.
SERIOUSLY, BUDDY, I THINK YOU'RE WORRYING WAY TOO MUCH FOR THIS...
B-BUT, TOM SAID THAT—
B&J's COLLECTORS EMPORIUM
OPEN
FOR LEASE
COMING SOON STARBUCKS COFFEE
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR STUPID COP FRIEND SAID!..
HE PROBABLY JUST WANTS YOU TO RAT ON JIMMY FOLEY IN ORDER TO KEEP YOUR BROTHER OUT OF TROUBLE.
WHY ELSE WOULD HE BE GIVING YOU "TOP SECRET INFORMATION"? HE'S JUST USING YOU!
BUT STILL, WHAT IF—
"WHAT IF!" "WHAT IF!!" JEEZUS! WILL YOU STOP BEING SO PARANOID?!
WHAT IS IT YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF?!
I DUNNO, BUT I FEEL LIKE SOMETHING BAD IS GONNA HAPPEN, AND SOON...
I MEAN, CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING LATELY?
IT SEEMS LIKE ALL OF OUR LOSER FRIENDS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO ROPE US INTO ALL OF THEIR SHADY, NEFARIOUS SCHEMES..
THEY'RE NOT OUR LOSER FRIENDS, THEY'RE YOUR LOSER FRIENDS...
AND YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO KEEP 'EM AT ARM'S LENGTH, IS ALL...
THAT'S WHAT I DO
YEAH, BUT HOW?
EASY! JUST SAY NO! AND SAY IT LIKE YOU MEAN IT!
THAT'S WHAT I DID WHEN STINKY TRIED TO TALK ME INTO USING THIS PLACE AS A FRONT FOR TH—
HE WHAT?!
DON'T GET EXCITED! I PUT THE KIBOSH ON THE WHOLE IDEA BEFORE HE EVEN FINISHED HIS PITCH, KNOWING THAT YOU WOULD BE DEAD SET AGAINST IT!
I FIGURED THAT'S WHY HE WAS ASKING ME INSTEAD OF YOU...
NO KIDDING!

IN NEXT ISH: IT ONLY GETS WORSE!

Move over Oasis, here comes

PETE BAGGE!

The 1997 *Hate* European Tour



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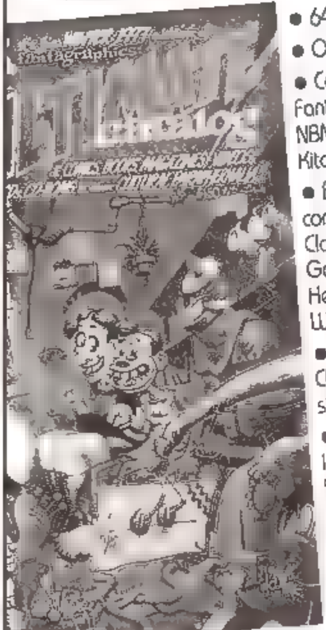
☆ IT'S THE BIG ☆ ONE! ☆



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LE HATE HOT!

Painting by Ellen Prahm of Lahnstein, Germany

Write to: Peter Bagge c/o Fantagraphics, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Sea, WA, 98115 Or emailbag@scn.org

First off, my apologies to all you onlinesters out there who were unable to reach me via e-mail! This was totally my fault, due to the fact that I *misspelled* my own goddamn e-mail address in the last issue: I left out the L in "emailbag." *Duh!* Some of you were able to figure this out anyway, but I hope that those of you who gave up in disgust will be willing to try again... I can also now be reached at an AOL address: **BaggeHate@aol.com**, thanks to the unlikely auspices of WIZARD Magazine, which, for those of you who don't know, is a predominantly "mainstream," collector-oriented comics magazine. With the notable exception of

their "Palmer's Picks" column, "alternative" (i.e. good) comics get little mention in their pages, and my involvement on the on-line version of their magazine — in the form of a semi-regular column, covering basically the same subjects that I usually cover in these editorials — will hopefully help to remedy that situation. Of course, what I'm really hoping for is to convince whoever's out there that still considers comic collecting an investment at all to put there money behind the stuff I'm always touting on these pages, so that someday people will be buying multiple copies of something like, say, **The Maggie and Hopey Color Special** (or how about *HATE #26!*) in the same huge numbers that they had purchased copies of the super-special, foil-cover edition of *Batman Gives The Joker an Enema #347* a few years ago. They probably won't fall for it, but if they do at least this time they'll be investing in something that someone might actually want to read ten, twenty years from now...

And speaking of titles that all of you should be investing your time and money in — both for long-term financial returns *and* for your

short-term reading pleasure — you couldn't possibly do better than with the premiere issue of Debbie Drechsler's **NOWHERE** ($3.75, Drawn & Quarterly). I'm sure that many of you are already familiar with Debbie's comics from the pages of **D&Q** and other anthologies, as well as from her Fantagraphics book **Daddy's Girl**. And

while this new title covers the same adolescent-angst-ridden themes that permeate most of her previous work, I must point out that this is *by far* her best stuff to date, both art wise and story-wise. This is one of those comics that are actually worth getting all twitchy and excited over, so get out there and buy it and *start twitchin'!* ... Also from those refined, tasteful, *rarefied* folks at Drawn & Quarterly comes **It's A Good Life If You Don't Weaken** ($12.95 US, 150+ pgs), which collects the complete serialized story from the last six issues of the author Seth's solo comic *PALOOKA-VILLE*. This title also represents a fine-cartoonist's-finest-work-to-date, and for those of you who already have this entire story in comicbook form, you need to be made aware that this square bound collection has an extra-added attraction: The color blue!

Meanwhile, in the less rarefied — if not downright *scuzzy* — world of self-published com-

ics comes the first two issues of **Glitch** ($2.00, 4907 N. Glenwood, #3A, Chi, IL, 60640), a comic book that can most easily be described — even though this is sure to annoy the author Tim Piotrowski — as a gay version of *HATE* (or at least the old b&w HATEs — you know, back when it was "cool"?). So if you miss the old *HATE*, and also happen to be the type of Homo who *doesn't* like Judy Garland — or if you happen to be straight and you *LOVE* Judy Garland, 'cuz what straight person *doesn't?!* — then *Glitch* is the comic for you! (How's *that* for a demographic description?) ... Another first-time self-publishing effort worthy of your attention is **Fever** by Chris Hope ($2.00? from 420 8th Ave., apt. 2C, Brooklyn, NY, 11215). The feature story, "The Balloon," is particularly well drawn and told, in an approach that reminds me of Adrian Tomine. What else can I say except give it a look! ... On the opposite end of the spectrum, style-wise at least, is **Wilnot**, by Mandy Ord. Mandy's been sending me her comics for a while now, though I've neglected to mention them until now mainly because I don't know how to describe them, other than to say that they mostly tend to deal with *drinking, guts,*

and *horny insects*. Plus it features a disgusting character named "Little Dickeyes" who always makes me laugh, and it's all drawn in a manic, charmingly repulsive manner. Uhhh...buy it! ($3.00? to: PO Box 192, ANU Canberra 2601, Australia) ... **Real Deal** is a magazine-sized, self-published comic that's been coming out for quite some time now, though I was completely unaware of it until Jim Blanchard recently and quite excitedly introduced me to it. Most of the stories in this LA-based title feature an all-black cast (as well as a lot of space aliens), and I assume it's produced by an all black team of artists. One of the most remarkable things about this comic is that every single panel is jam-packed with more violence and mayhem than every Jackie Chan movie put together. I mean, this thing has to be seen to be believed! But what also is amazing about **Real Deal**

are the stories drawn by their "star" artist Lawrence H, who also goes by the highly appropriate moniker of "Psycho Raw," and whose drawing style is a rough cross between Jack Kirby and Gary Panter. Check it out, and get a *"steady diet of the raw!"* ($2.00 to: Box 19129, L.A., CA, 90019) ... And finally, from the insane and inane world of "zines," comes **Pathetic Life** ($3.00 to: 537 Jones St., #2386, S.F., CA, 94102), Doug Holland's "diary of a fat slob," which is now up to its *25th issue*. This issue opens with a lengthy, humorously bleak letters section, in which Doug's many correspondents expose their shared, in-front-of-every-silver-lining-is-a-dark-cloud world view. Lots of maddening contradictions abound as well,

which is epitomized as well as explained by Mr. Holland's descriptions of himself: "... unskilled, uneducated, unkempt, missing teeth, scraggly beard, old clothes and bad manners," all of which are "shortcomings" that he has the power to rectify. *He could shave off that "scraggly" beard in FIVE MINUTES!* But that, of course, is the point. He and his compatriots are simply more *comfortable* leading a so-called "pathetic life," and wouldn't have it any other way. Which is why you should feel comfortable in having a big laugh at their expense! ... And yet adding to the list of contradictions that make up the person of Doug Holland is a most useful new publication he's editing entitled **Zine World**, the purpose of which is almost identical to that of *FACTSHEET FIVE*. But upon hearing of *FF5*'s proposed slower output (twice a year instead of quarterly), Doug felt compelled to start up a new source for 'zine info, news and reviews, in hopes of preserving what might otherwise fall through the cracks. A worthy effort that deserves your support! ($3.00, 924 Valencia St. #203, S.F., CA, 94110)

Letters to HATE

Peter,

Have you figured out your "porno" name yet?

This is how you do it

First Name = your middle name

Last name = name of street you grew up on

Allen Sycamore (aka Phil Milstein),
via email

(Thanks for the tip! —Christian Horton)

The reason I've been so caddish and woman-crazy lately is because I was recently dumped by my girlfriend a few months after she went on Prozac. She showed up one day and announced: "I'm 26 years old and my biological time-clock is ticking. I NEED to have babies NOW" (Honest to god, she really did say that!) ... I started taking Zoloft myself recently and I fucking love it — the only side effects are flatulence and delayed ejaculation, but what guy DOESN'T like to fart and fuck?

Scott Huffines
Baltimore, MD

Dear P. "Colostomy" Bagge,

Shortly after I moved to Seattle I got a call from some old lady who asked for someone I didn't know. When I told her she had the wrong number, she asked if this was area code 206

"Yeah."

Then she said, "Wait a minute! Is this Peter Bagge?"

"No, he just scurried off to his room with duck-billed, furry midget girl he brought home from the circus. 'The Human Platypus,' I think they call her. Can I take a message?"

Then she made a weird sound like a rhino in heat and hung up. Later that night while I was talking to Jesus, he told me that he'd peel the skin right off my back if I didn't confess this heinous sin to you within eight months. That was in April so I figured I'd better write to you now. I've spent many a sleepless night dwelling on the incident. Is Satan involved in this somehow?

Walter Kovaks,
Seattle, WA

PS: By the way, I know your hidden agenda, and I think it's DISGUSTING

"You're better off without her." I am one who has wanted Buddy to be free from Lisa for quite some time, and yet now that it's happened I feel terrible for him (because I've been there). So while I do believe he's "better off," I can't think of anything more obnoxious to tell someone in Buddy's position. Yet people love to say it. It's a great catch-all phrase, much like "it's God's will," after someone dies

Buddy is a classic case. Suddenly he is a raving madman, then a sobbing child. He burdens anyone within earshot about his problems, and then becomes a manic detective tracking down the source of all his misery. But I felt he handled himself with uncharacteristic class when he finally found Lisa, though. Good for him!

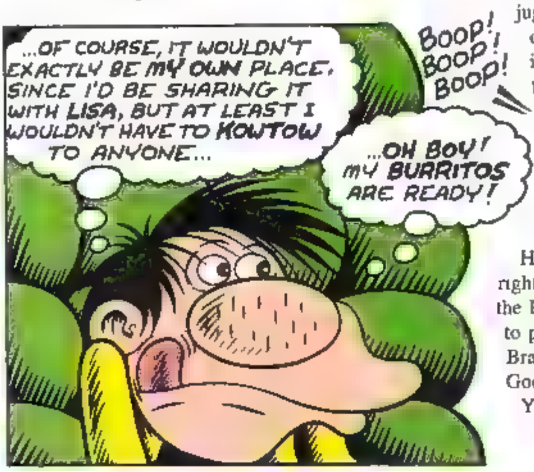
By the way, as a resident of LA, it's great to know that Brooklyn is "the Worst Place On Earth."

Michael McClelland,
Burbank, CA

While I appreciate the way you put out HATE so fast and furiously, if it must be at the expense of dense, story-rich panels (counter-example of such? Pg. 6, panel 8 in HATE # 25), please SLOW DOWN!

Other than that, great work! And please keep Lisa out of future issues of HATE — Buddy's in need of a new girlfriend anyway. And hang on to DOOFUS! It's a winner, esp with Henry Hotchkiss.

S. Stenslie,
Fargo, ND



This panel was drawn WAY TOO FAST, according to S. Stenslie of Fargo, ND

It's about time you got rid of that jizz-gurgling, insecure, mentally-unbalanced, whining slut Lisa. Y'know, in the beginning of HATE, she was really interesting, but as time went on, she just became this repetitive, pathetic, gross slob of a bitch. Kudos to you!

Can't wait to see issue # 26,

Jeff White,
NYC, NY

... Speaking of people acting like old ladies, what the fuck were those letters about in the last issue of HATE you sent me. "Please kill Lisa"..."Lisa is a slut"... "That panel of Lisa & Joel boffing is UPSETTING"(!!!???) What's wrong with these geeks? They should go watch *Barney* if they don't wanna be upset! *Wahn ahbabawoowoo!* Poor upset little babies!

Bring the new Punk Rock Lisa back to EXTERMINATE these wimps!

Lynne Von S.,
Queens, NY

Do you really listen to Dr. Laura? You shouldn't, because she's *terrible*. Although I listen... I guess I like to laugh at other people's pain

I also intend to follow Lisa's dating advice — Hah!

Jennifer Daydreamer,
Seattle, WA

To: Honest Peter Bagge, a family man and an artist more flamboyant than Pablo Picasso,

Now that Tupac is dead, it is up to you to be the leader of this generation of swine. Like 2-Pac, who was able to walk the fine line of singing upbeat numbers about the integrity of his mother AND songs about fucking gangsta bitches, you will have to juggle the enormously difficult task of writing stories about Buddy being a role-model uncle to his sister's two ungrateful snotty kids, AND having Buddy fuck Lisa in the woods while getting drunk at cheap Mexican beer joints

Tupac was gunned down in a volley of smoke and bullets (as were Abe Lincoln and Henry Harrison, two fine men in their own right). Will you be able to stand up to the Evil, Ignorant Forces that will try to pull you under? God bless Buddy Bradley, God bless Mark Fuhrman and God bless YOU, Mr. Bagge!

Your humble servant,

Napoleon Ranken,
Jersey City, NJ

PS May the Evil, Ignorant Forces prevent Rick Altergott from ever writing another DOOFUS cartoon...

I opened up a record store with a friend of mine around the same time that Buddy and Jay opened their "collector's shoppe," and yet while we continue to struggle they seem to be doing fine! Could it be that Buddy has more "business savvy" than I do? Perhaps he could give us a few pointers...

Ron Belanger,
North End Music Exchange,
Boston, MA

("Business savvy" just happens to be one of Buddy Bradley's super powers! —PB)

Jay is Walter Matthau, and Buddy is Jack Lemmon

Craig Manoch,
Glasgow, Scotland

Editor: KIM THOMPSON • Inker: JIM BLANCHARD • Colorist: JOANNE BAGGE Computer Color: JEFF JOHNSON, RHEA PATTON, and Citizen Color

Art Director: JASON WASKEY • Ad Rep: RHEA PATTON • Filmwork: DIGICOLOR • Publishers: GARY GROTH and KIM THOMPSON

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Letters from B. N. Duncan

of Berkeley, CA

Dear Peter Bagge,

It s amazing how you get serious about people's emotional lives while drawing in that wack-o style, and yet it all works. On the main story s last page, I get some real feeling of sorrow from Buddy and Lisa's deteriorating relationship..

You really do draw women in a weird way sometimes. On page 19, HATE #23, in the panel where Doris is running away from Buddy, she looks like a strangely alien being, a peculiar collection of parts...

But I truly enjoyed the sex scene with Joel and Lisa, particularly the big "WHAM! BAM! SLAM!" panel. I sense that Lisa may be a woman who badly needs the strap a *lot*, besides being fucked hard.

Yours,
B.N. Duncan
Berkeley, CA.
June 22, 1996

Dear Peter Bagge,

I keep thinking of those sex-blast scenes with Joel and Lisa in #23. Those sex scenes make my blood boil and bubble with joy.

Perhaps Joel & Lisa could get into a trip where he turns her buttocks bright red with a thick leather strap. (Lisa has shown an inclination to degrade herself, yet Buddy is clearly not up to the job. I can't recall him even once slapping her in the face. She may well have built up a "degradation-debt" in her psycho-sexual system.) Or, Joel could use a riding crop on Lisa rather than a strap, or perhaps both. I envision a quarrel that leads to a physical struggle in which Joel kicks her on the buttocks many times with his heavy shoes, followed by a good, solid face and breast-slapping, and ending with Joel giving Lisa's whole body a thorough going-over with the strap, or perhaps a rubber hose. An unprincipled man like Joel might practice plenty of license, and Lisa appears to be a willing recipient.

In fact, maybe Lisa has always needed corporal punishment to both help stabilize her and give her the thrills she craves. Lisa is more real to me now than ever before.

Of course, this is just my way of thinking. But I do wish you'd do more versions of heavy sex, whatever they might be. I believe this is the first time you've done this sort of straight-on, no-if's-and's-or-but's, dishing-it-out and-taking-it sort of primal drama, and I'm looking forward to more of the same .

B N Duncan
June, 27, 1996 9:21 PM

Dear Peter Bagge,

I'm still thinking of the "romance" between Joel and Lisa in #23.

I think that Lisa has a lot of the Natural-Born Cunt in her This is a *good* thing, and she could evolve into even *more* of a cunt, with the right handling. This character has yet to reach her full development. She has the potential to become such a good pussy that she might actually build up the capacity to withstand a passionate beating all over her body (within limits, of course. The beating shouldn't be over-done).

Buddy has gotten too "nice" and weak with her Lisa needs some true male forcefulness some real *push and shove*..

B N Duncan
June 27, 1996, 10:35 PM

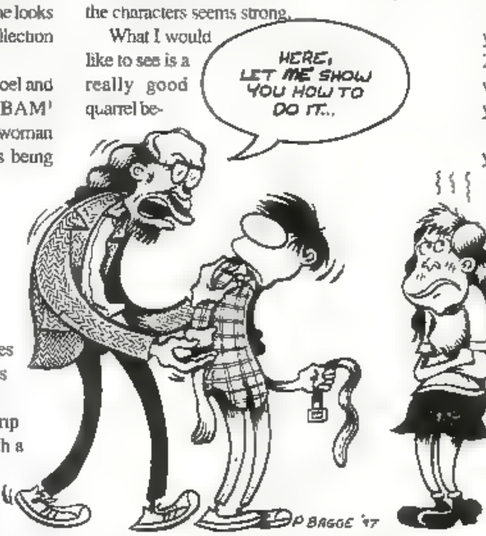
Dear Peter Bagge,

Perhaps there are rich possibilities for future drama between Buddy and Doris. For one thing, Doris is much more sympathetic than Lisa, and Buddy could use the change.

Besides, if Lisa can get fucked by Joel, then Buddy should be able to fuck a female other than Lisa perhaps *several* females.

The possibilities for new, fresh suffering for all the characters seems strong.

What I would like to see is a really good quarrel between Buddy and Lisa — a scene that really tests the limits of their relationship. If they do have a knock-down, drag-out fight, I hope that Buddy is the victor, though it's for my own personal feelings that I want to see Buddy on top of Lisa. I get tired of them trying to relate as "equals" — the cunt should be *underneath*, although Buddy might not want the burden of being squarely dominant...



You seem to show what is to me a puzzling inferiority complex. I've repeatedly seen you disparage your own work in print, but you create some of the best comics ever about relationships. I feel that Ed Brubaker is really special in that way, too. There is an uncanny real-ness, a ring of truth that's undeniable, and that's all too rare among cartoonists these days..

B. N. Duncan,
July 7, 1996

Dear Peter Bagge,

HATE #23 had got me thinking about your earlier work, such as in HATE #s 10 & 11, in which Buddy gives Lisa some serious fuck-poundings, much as Joel did, and in a way that she obviously digs. Before Joel, she had been deprived of this kind of heavy attention for a long time...

Also, in HATE #4, the All-Butch issue, you allude to an old flame of Butch's named Cynthia. It seems to me the time is ripe for Butch to get himself a girl — perhaps a bitch-fight scene between the old flame and a new one would be in order; or better still, Butch could rule both females at once, until he grows tired of them. I'm sure that Butch would be a lot rougher and tougher with females than Buddy is

Other possibilities. Buddy could be involved with both Doris and Lisa at the same time the "Nice Girl" and the "Screwball." Or Jay could get into some mess with a minor. An underaged female can cause a lot of trouble if she wants to... although I can't see Jay doling out much corporal punishment, either (though he may be effective at *psychological* abuse)..

This is great, the many and myriad ways your characters could wind up suffering for my enjoyment, without my having to go out and deal with real people on my own...

It's a wonderful series, this "HATE."

B. N Duncan.
Aug. 3, 1996

Dear Peter Bagge,

It's really impressive, these 24 issues of HATE you've produced. Harvey Kurtzman edited only 24 issues of the comic version of MAD, and towards the end even those were growing stale. But you seem to still have plenty of fresh stories in you.

There are several younger cartoonists besides yourself whom I think are worthy of a new, more serious audience. Like HATE, their stories present a vision of unregenerate, self-absorbed humanity; of people trapped by their own limited "I like this, I don't like that" mentality; of people cut off from nature, or of any rapport with the natural world, and of their own deeper spirit, which is a major plight of modern man... HATE is the study of the human condition when we try to exclude the growth of the soul, and a cleansing of our own perceptions ..

In Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* in which he writes of trying an artificial drug method of simulating an authentic spiritual experience, he quotes a certain poet about the agony of being "our sweaty selves"; of immersing ourselves deeper and deeper into the condition of alienation HATE comics is a caricature of people being their "sweaty selves."

Yours.
B. N Duncan,
Sept 28, 1996

PS: I cast my vote for StinkHair Stu over Henry Hotchkiss, whom I feel has a limited repertoire although I do have concerns over Doofus and Stu's mental compatibility . After all, Stu not only managed to acquire a wife, but he also evidently made her *pregnant*, which is far more than I've ever seen Doofus accomplish.

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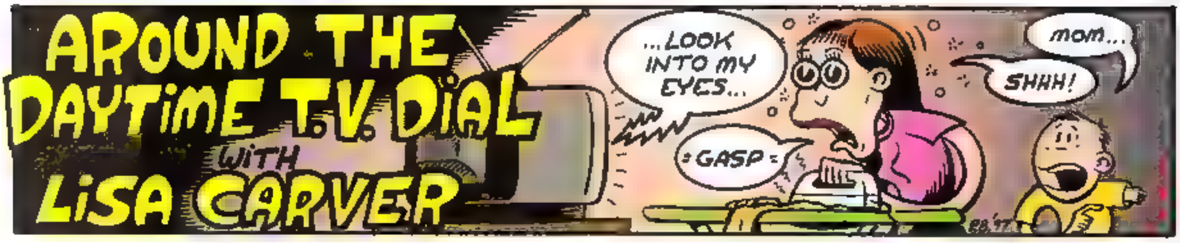

The S&M, the Good and Evil, the Heavy Makeup and Heavier Makeup of *Days of our Lives.*

It's a beautiful and deadly world every morning at nine on *Days of our Lives.* Revenge is sought, miracles happen, and people really faint. So innocent, so unjaded!

It's all about fighting for what you want in the world, conquering reality and recreating the future. The quick, hard, claws-bared betrayals and the long, carefully plotted, secretive, slo-o-ow chess like schemes. Like when the mob organization is trying to break up Bo and Hope before they get married, and Billie, who still loves Bo (and he still loves her, actually), doesn't tell him for 12 hours that she knows where Jill is. Jill can identify the mob guy as the one who beat her up, and then Bo will realize that Bo is not paranoid and will marry him. I forget now how all this is connected, but I trust that it is. Anyway, the bruise look really good on that blonde young Jill in the hospital bed.

There are choices to be made. The right choice (coming clean) will buy you redemption and a prison sentence or at least the loss of your spouse's love when he/she discovers you've been lying all along about your faked pregnancies and/or ties to the mob. But make the wrong choice (murdering the old lady so as to keep your lies hidden — for now) and you will be lost without hope in the pit of despair and evil ever waiting to swallow you whole. The latter choice is not as bad as it sounds, because it involves all kinds of special privileges, such as faking your own death when it's convenient, or performing experimental laser surgery to make somebody who knows too much forget what they know. Plus you get to kidnap people and torture them and stuff like that. You might even get to rape someone you already raped two years ago! What fun it must be to take away the last shred of your victim's hope. "Feeling optimistic, Laura?" Stefano says to the mousy little woman he has handcuffed and chained (a big, huge, ridiculously large chain — *all right!*) to a chair in a secret room. "Eh, Laura? Feeling optimistic?" he prompts cruelly when she doesn't answer immediately. "Well *don't.*" Stefano is a destroyer of hope, and faith and decency, and because he's in that secret room and everyone believes he died in the explosion he can do whatever he wants. Actually there's one person who does believe he's alive — that black psychic who wears a pure white wig and speaks in a shivery accent. She feels his vibrations of pure evil. And let me tell you, so do I.

"THE BIG CHAIN"

One time Stefano actually killed someone with his evil gaze. The guy backed away from him, terrified beyond belief, right out the window, where he fell to his death. Stefano leisurely approached the window and looked with fondness at the inelegant corpse, murmuring "Beautiful...*beautiful.*" "Oh, gaze at me that way, Stefano," I think as I squirm on my couch along with 100,000 other housewives. "I'll back away too — right onto the bed, you fiend you!"

Franco is the new foreign evil man on *Days of our Lives.* He's young and good-looking, with quite a chest on him. I prefer my demonic assassins not quite so fresh... it's more effective when the hideous ugliness inside their soul has had time to permeate the outside, leaving fatty pockets of overindulgence under the eyes and around the middle. It's so much worse to be mauled to death by a bloated man with pasty skin and a toupee. And "so much worse" is what the soaps are all about.

And the triumph of evil. That's also what the soaps are all about. No other TV show will allow the bad guy to get away with it. Even in books there must be retribution. Today on *Days* a psychic held hands with a kidnap victim as both screamed extremely loudly with the memory of torture, then the scene moved immediately to a private jet containing the young vixen secretly responsible for ordering the torture — she was blowing a party horn and saying, "You'll never know just how happy I am at this moment." Instead of the gas chamber, this red haired she-beast gets caviar.

I love the soaps. I wish real life was more like them... all those dramatic pauses with ominous music rising. I wish there were *more* temptation in my life. I want the hope to be sucked out of me. I wanna be weak and bad. I want the *big* chain.

Stay-at-home-mom Lisa Carver is the editor of Rollerderby *Magazine*

Kickin' Ass

with Aaron Lee

Writing a column for *Hate* is a proposition as daunting as it is thrilling. The *Hate* readership is renowned for an elite, hypercritical sensibility; the kind of aggressive cynicism that has found a different reason to attack Peter Bagge for "selling out" every single issue If I could win the approval of such a high-mindedly hostile audience, *shuh-zam!* I'd be some hot shit. Maybe even an *underground legend!* At the very least, I could finagle a *cheap-jack book deal!* Now that's what I call kickin' ass!

First things first: I must earn the trustt and affection of *you*. You, the seasoned purveyor of alternative media. You, the twentysomething who only has a few years left in that category. You, the pimply-faced adolescent, who — HEY KID! PUT THIS COMIC DOWN! "MATURE READERS" ONLY. PUNK!

Sure, I could take the Low Road. I could mock and berate my audience, implying that I don't give a fuck what you think, while secretly praying that my belligerence ensures you never disagree with me —an event that could serve as a veritable Hurricane Lili to the house of cards I laughingly call my self- image. *There's* a dynamic that never fails to strike a chord of familiarity in your black little hearts!

Or I could make *Kickin' Ass* an advice column. That way you'd do half the writing each month, and I'd just supply the sarcastic retorts

But you deserve better than that. And baby, I'll deliver with a column that really kicks ass. Honest. Funny Straight-forward Like it or not, I intend to work for your respect, and your dare I even say the word in this publication? — *love*. Remember the old Pretenders video for "Brass In Pocket"? ("Gonna use my feet/ Gonna use my fingers/ Gonna use my hi hi, woah-hoah-hoah, you-know-what!") Just think of me as Chrissie Hynde with a word processor, so eager to please I could burst out of my sexy little waitress uniform.

Except I would never wear women's clothing, for God's sake. Not even for a book deal. Screw you, Random House.

• • •

For an inaugural ass-kicking, I'd like to aim the old Chuck Taylor at the world of Professional Wrestling. I don't like it!

That's right, I never watched wrestling when I was a kid, and I still get pissed when the "WWF" ("World Wrestling Federation" — what a joke!) preempts *Silk Stalkings*.

Who do these sweaty, half-naked mongoloids think they are? Where did so many of my hipster pals get the idea that it's "kooky" and "white trash" to have a Hulk Hogan match playing with the sound down at their pot parties? If you people weren't stoned out of your minds all the ding dong day, you might realize the entire so-called sport is *fixed!* Now I don't intend to get my collar bone broken on 20/20 to prove it, but I know and you know that Professional Wrestling is a fraud, a hoax and a sham!

Next time I come over to your messy apartment to "blow a doob," I expect to see some old-fashioned, Pay-Per-View BOXING, where the mongoloids *actually* hit each other in the head, and they don't have names like "The Organ Grinder" and "Monsieur Death." Instead, they have names like TYSON! DE LA HOYA! And may I strain your few remaining brain cells by invoking the memory of ALI! THE GREATEST!

If I want to see homunculus muscle boys in their underwear pile-drive each other, there's a gay peep show on Cahuenga Boulevard where — I've *heard* that — well, let's just say I wouldn't step foot in there for Simon *or* Schuster. Get stuffed, both of you! (So much for the High Road.)

• • •

Am I the only one who notices that Danzig spelled backwards is "Jizz Nad?"

• • •

I'd like to end on a positive note by mentioning a film that really *kicks ass*. Good thing I was sitting down at the Midnight Movie, or I'd probably be typing these words with a size 15 Hush Puppy lodged in my keister.

I'm talking about a little shot on video epic entitled *Scream, Teen, Scream!*

Those of you honored enough to catch this minor masterpiece will probably blow a gasket over the fact that the "*Kickin' Ass* Guy," who spends the entire column defending his masculinity, would recommend a slasher movie parody starring nothing but *drag queens*. Well, deal with it! Director Joshua Rosenzweig and writer/star Jackie Beat aren't your run-of-the-mill, unamusing transvestites (paging Kids In the Hall...). I laughed harder during the 40-minute running time of *Scream* than I did reading the new issue of *Mad*. And let me tell you, that takes a lot longer than 40 minutes!

I'm ready for my trade paperback now, Mr. Knopf.

• • •

NEXT ISSUE
Rotisserie Baseball -
What a Rip-Off!

Before becoming Larry Flynt's full-time wheel-chair pusher, Aaron Lee was responsible for fanzines such as PUPPET SHOW and the legendary BLUE PERSUASION

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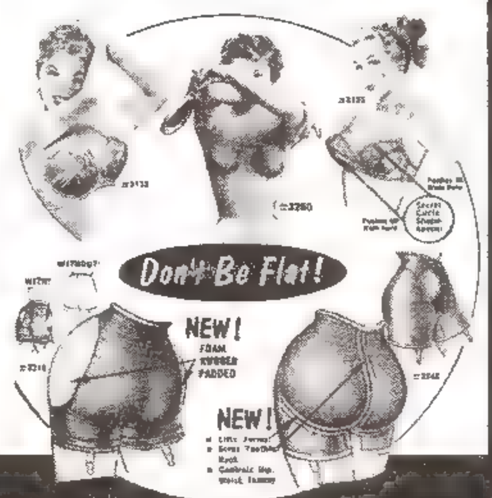

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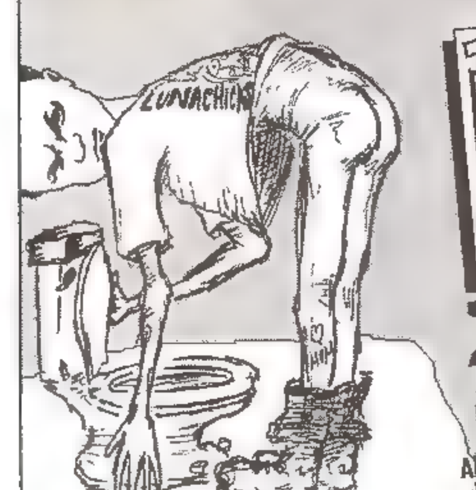

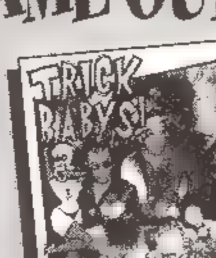

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by: Dame Darcy ©1996
GREETINGS!
MR. BAGGE HAS BEEN SO KIND AS TO ASK ME TO CONTRIBUTE TO HIS COMIC BOOK...
...SO, SINCE I NEVER DO AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMICS I'M TAKING THIS OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE...
TRUTH IS STANGER THAN FICTION
TRUTH:
I HAD A TAMBOURINE THAT BROKE DURING AN EVANGELIST ACT I WAS DOING...
SOW IT ON THE MOUNTAIN!
REAP IT IN THE VALLEY!
CRASH!
I WAS SAD BECAUSE I WANTED TO COVER A CERTAIN SONG "HAPPY FILLY" WITH MY BAND PLANET FILLY BUT I
COULDN'T BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF THE TAMBOURINE.
TODAY, I WENT TO GO PICK UP A FALAFEL FOR MY FRIEND, AND THE FALFEL GUY HANDED ME AN ORANGE TAMBORINE SAYING.
YOU LEFT THIS HERE!
I NEVER SAW THIS GUY OR THE TAMBOURINE BEFORE.
THIS IS PROOF GOD EXHISTS!
TRUTH:
WHEN I DIE, I WANT TO BE TAXIDERMIED AND LAQUERED AS THE FIGUREHEAD MERMAID TO THE FRONT OF A SHIP. PLEASE REPLACE MY EYES WITH BLUE GLASS: OPEN, AND SERENE.
TRUTH:
I CAN SEE BEYOND THE VEIL, I HAVE READ THOUSANDS OF PEOPLES PALMS SENCE THE AGE OF TEN.
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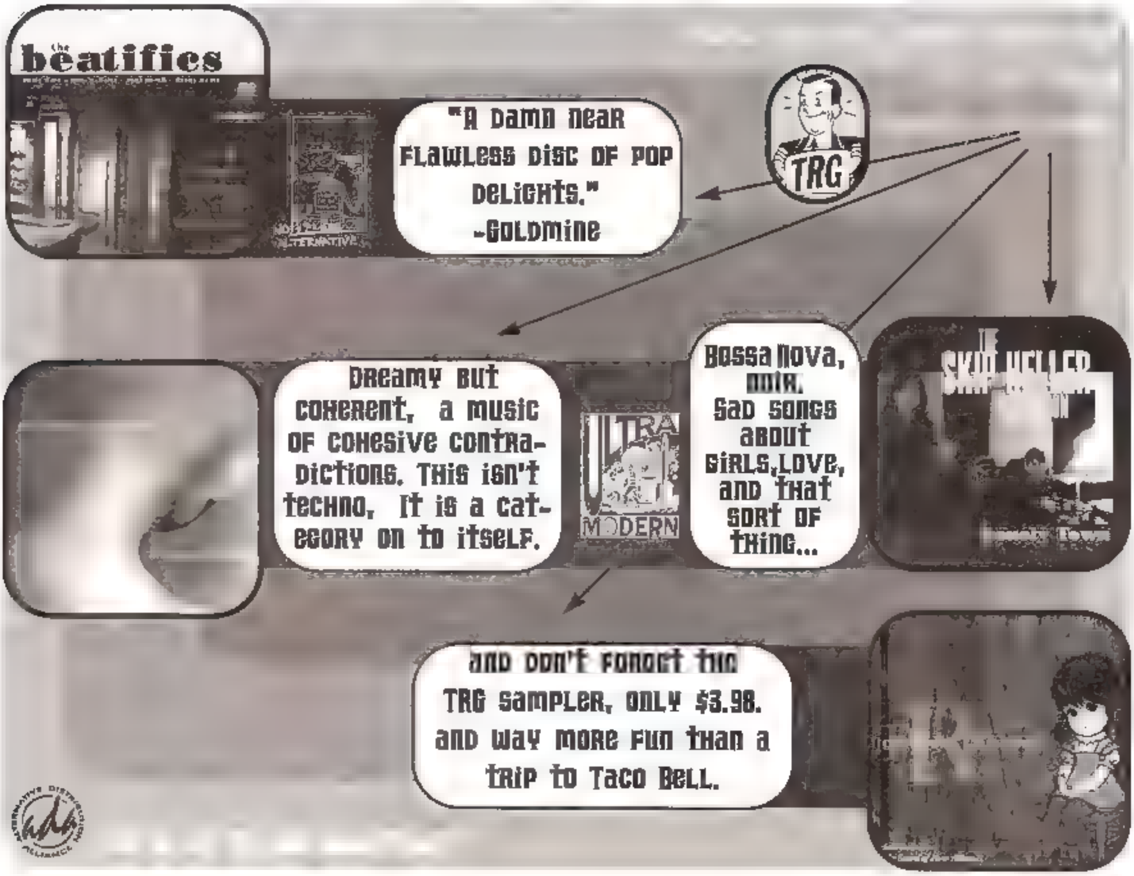

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VON SCHLICHTING & FISHER ©96
He's YOUR PAL! He's MY PAL!
STICK WITH ME BABY, an I'LL SHOW YA HOW TA FLY!!!
YA BETTER Be HIS FRIEND!
He KNOWS A LOT ABOUT A LOT!
HIS YOUNGER BROTHER DUMFUK
GAS HUFFER
SSSS
He's SO FAST, He DRIVES in DRAG!
OH, OFFICER, WAS I SPEEDING? MY BREASTS MUST HAVE Been BLOCKING my VIEW OF THE SPEEDOMETER!
WELL I'LL JUST GIVE YOU A WARNING THIS TIME, MISS!
TIP use YOUR SISTER'S DRIVERS LICENSE, & DON'T FORGET TO SHAVE YOUR ARMS!
He's SO LOOSE, He FLIES SOUTH for the WINTER!
New ORLEANS IS MY SPIRITUAL HOME!
It SHURE BEATSH OMAHA!
SPICY BLOODY MARY
OYSTER
ACME OYSTER BAR
He LIVES the LIFE He LOVES! He LOVES the LIFE He LIVES!
FABIO MY MAN! Another ROUND of Your FAMOUS WHEAT GRASS MARTINIS, IF You PLEASE!
TRICK BABYS
IT IS MY PLEASURE!
The END!
It's DUMFUK!
He's a LITTLE TOO LAZY!
Hey DUMFUK! You FELL ASLEEP WITH a LIT CIGARETTE And STARTED a FIRE!!!
I'll put it out in the MORNING!
A Little TOO Sexy!
Hey DUMFUK! You BEEN CARESSING that PICTURE OF MISS JUNE For OVER an HOUR!
HUMP GRIND
I like to TAKE TIME with my WOMEN!
A LITTLE TOO DUMB!
I MADE FRUIT SALAD!
eww!!! THIS FRUIT IS SWIMMING in a POOL OF BLOOD
HIS NEUROTIC SISTER!

Chop Suey!
BY KEVIN SCALZO
I'M GONNA TAKE A BATH!
FEATURING:
PETE THE PEEPER!
HOT DIGGITY DOG!
WINK
SLAM!
SHUCKS!
LA DEE DOO ..
ULP! Where's the water?
WATER!
?
I DEMAND SOME ANSWERS.
I KNOW NUTHIN!
HOT WATER HEATER
#
SPLASH!
YOU IDIOT! I'LL KILL YOU!
I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ME BETTER CLEAN!
END

it's true.
Melvin Gigg
MODERN DAY FOOL
©1974 BY DOUGLAS BAGGE
it all began one Monday. My Phone rang, I thought I was doing the right thing by answering it.
Hello.
The voice on the other end wanted to talk to me.
You're talking to him.
I said.
We had an interesting Conversation for a while
Oh?
And then it happened...
he asked me...
Would you like to come over?
what could I do? what could I say?
uh
O-K
fine
what had I done? what had I let my self in for?
I was a nervous wreck for 3 years.
I couldn't eat
I couldn't sleep
finally...
I have to go, I said I would, he expects me.
I summoned up all my courage and opened the front Door.
the Sun was Beating down like a million Volt Ray gun-frying my brainS.
Ohhh
Soon I reached my Destination. I rang the door bell - and was horrified - it rang!
Ahh!
Ding-Dong

This strip was done by my older brother Doug when he was a freshman in college. He passed away this past year at the age of 40. —PB

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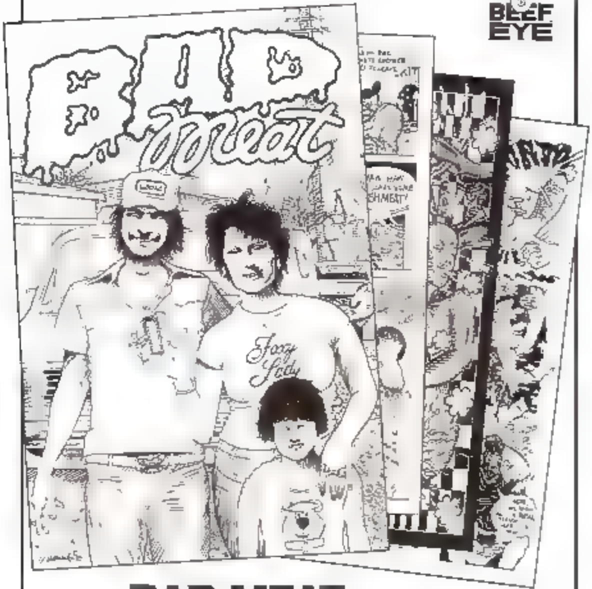
BEEF EYE



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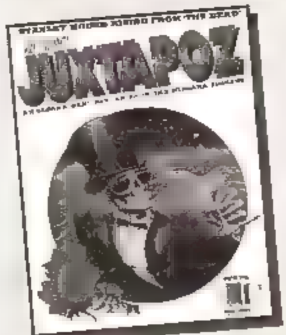

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DATELINE: 1974, AND FLOWERTOWN POLYTECHNICAL INSTITUTE - WHERE WE JOIN FIRST SEMESTER FRESHMAN, DOOFUS - GETTING INTO HIS NEW DORM ROOM IN THE CAMPUS "QUAD"
SWAMP
AHHH YASSS!
THE NIGHT CHICAGO DIED!
EHHH?!
SWAMP
YO! RIGHT ON, DOOFUS DUDE!!
CAN YOU JOIN US OUT HERE IN THE HALL FOR A SEC, BRO?
LIKE, SORRY TO INTERRUPT WITH THE UNPACKING, DUDES, WITH, LIKE AN UNSCHEDULED POW-WOW! SO HOWS ABOUT IF OL' LUCKY McNINCH FIRES UP THE PEACE PIPE?*
S'COOL, MAN!
* POWER-HITTER
HERE YOU GO DOOFUS, DUDE ... SHOTGUN!!!
SSSUUCCKK!
FAR FUCKIN' OUT!! WELL, WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU GUYS IS JUST THAT - ANYTIME YOU SEE MY HAT HERE, HANGING ON THE DOORKNOB LIKE THIS -
NORML
-IT'S A FAR OUT SECRET SIGNAL TO YOU CATS NOT TO KNOCK OR COME IN...
-'CAUSE I'LL BE INSIDE -- ENGAGED IN SOME SERIOUS BALLING WITH MY OUTTASITE OL' LADY!! LATER, MAN
RIGHT ON, LUCKY!
AWWW YEAH!
MAN! THAT IS SO COOL!!
SO NEXT DAY...
HEY GUYS! UH.. I, eh.. JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT.. er.. WHENEVER YOU SEE MY STRAW BOATER ON THE DOORKNOB, LIKE THIS ...
..IT'S A, URM SIGN TO, EH.. WARN YOU GUYS NOT TO COME IN THE ROOM..
... 'CAUSE I'LL BE INSIDE - DOING SOME SERIOUS BEATING OFF!!
FUCKIN' GROSS MAN!
EWWW!
YUCK!!
END.
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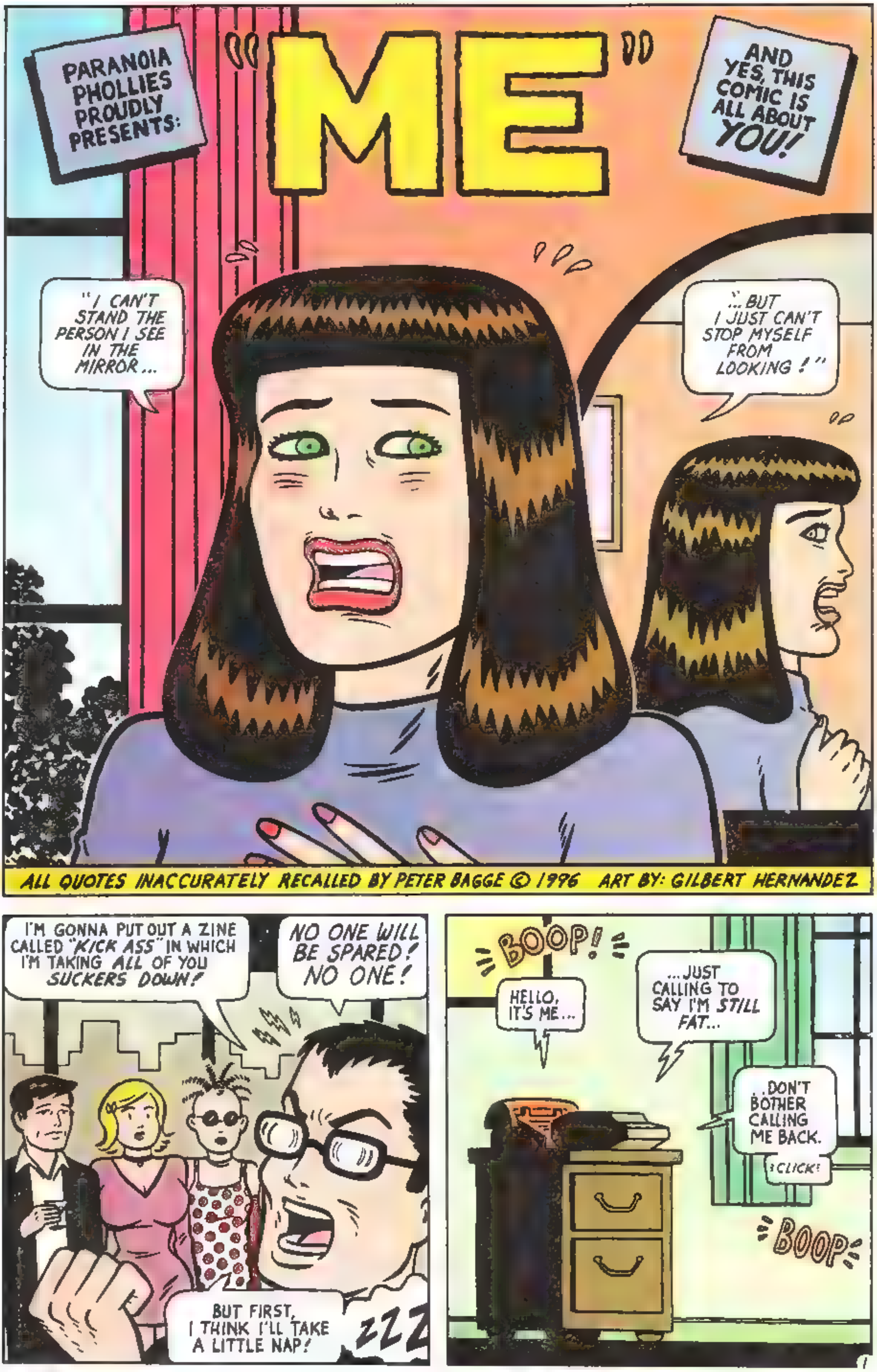
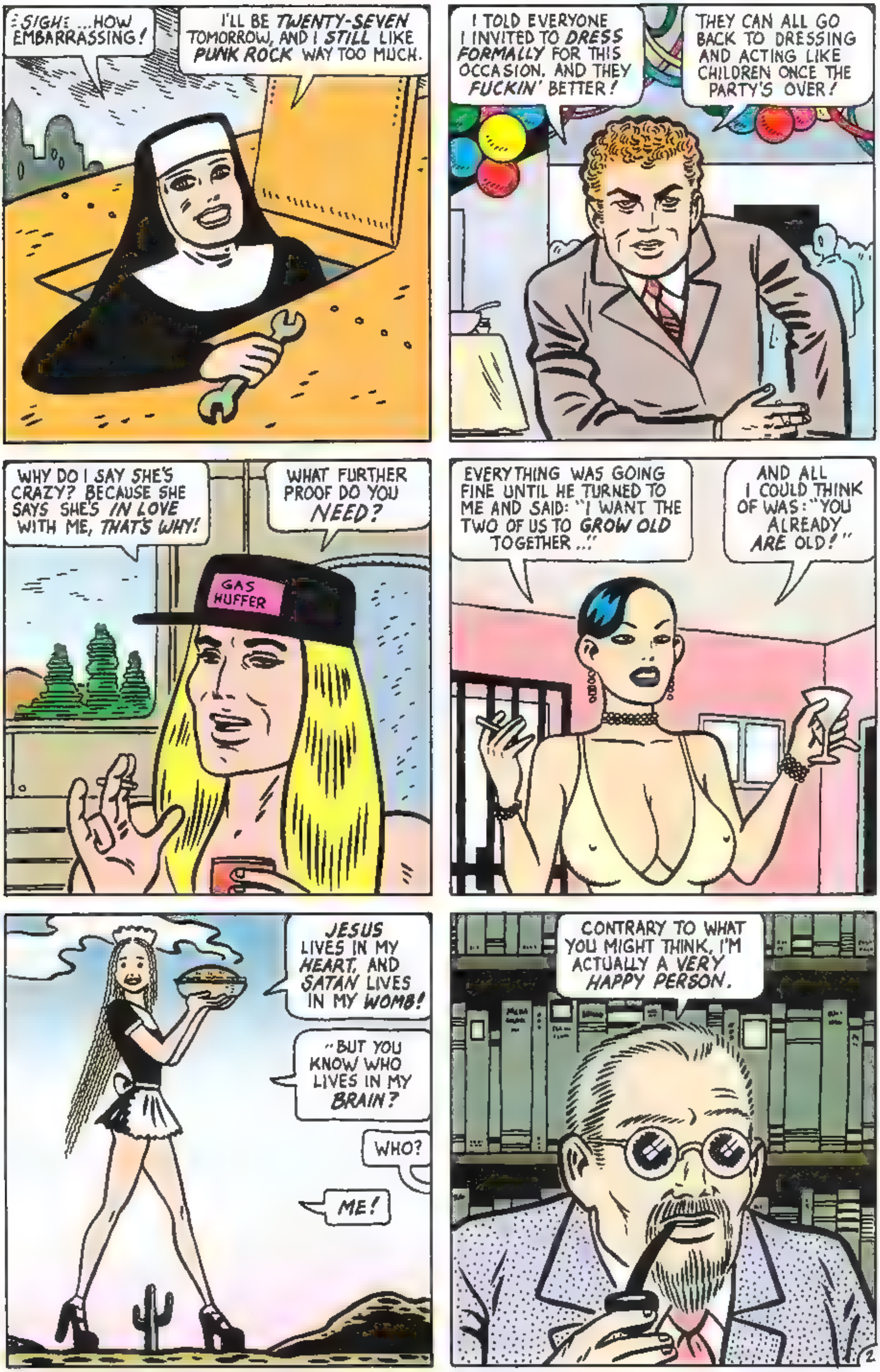
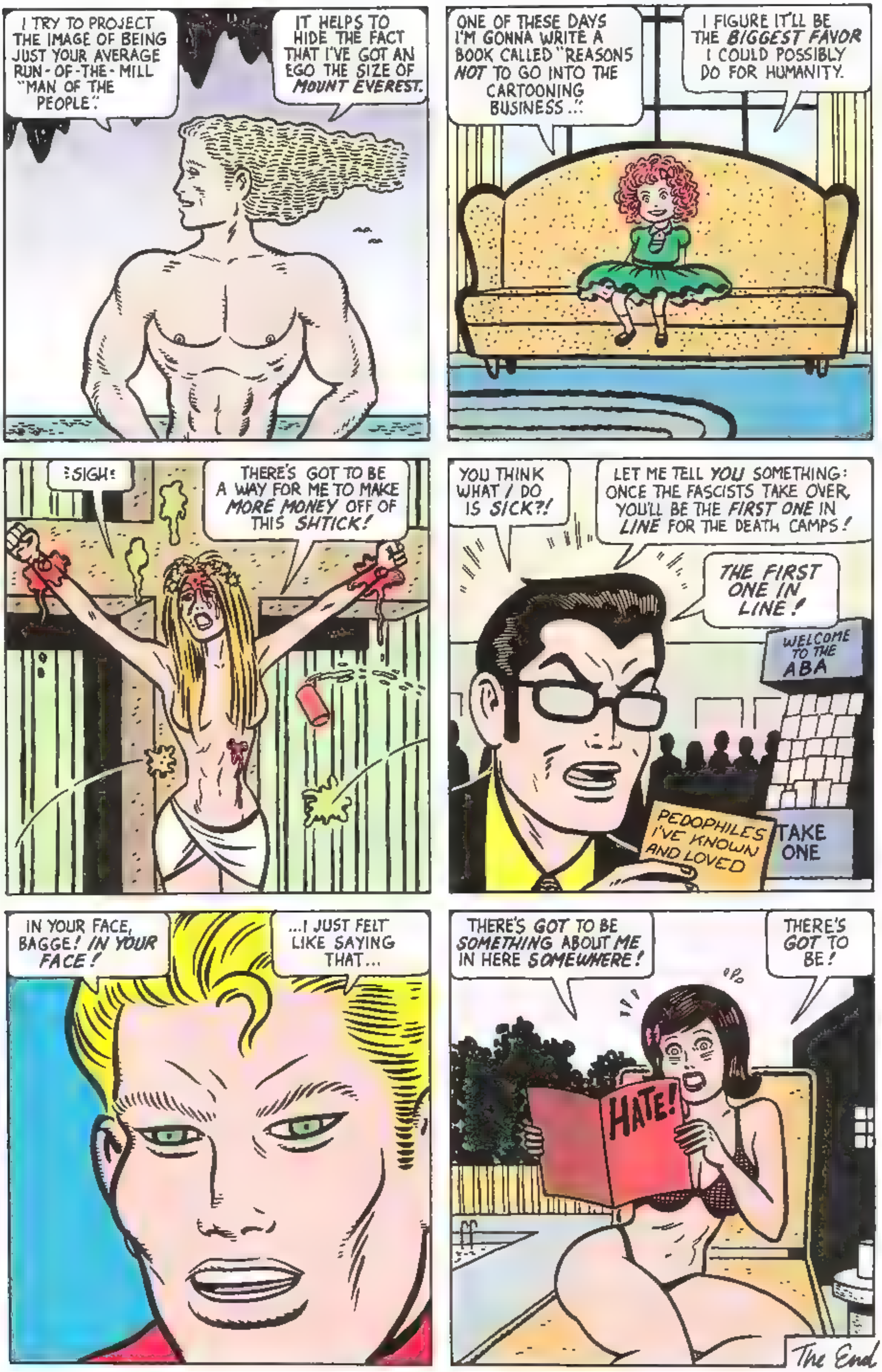

PARANOIA PHOLLIES PROUDLY PRESENTS:
"ME"
AND YES, THIS COMIC IS ALL ABOUT YOU!
"I CAN'T STAND THE PERSON I SEE IN THE MIRROR...
...BUT I JUST CAN'T STOP MYSELF FROM LOOKING!"
ALL QUOTES INACCURATELY RECALLED BY PETER BAGGE © 1996 ART BY: GILBERT HERNANDEZ
I'M GONNA PUT OUT A ZINE CALLED "KICK ASS" IN WHICH I'M TAKING ALL OF YOU SUCKERS DOWN!
NO ONE WILL BE SPARED! NO ONE!
BUT FIRST, I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP!
ZZZ
BOOP!
HELLO, IT'S ME...
...JUST CALLING TO SAY I'M STILL FAT...
..DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME BACK.
!CLICK!
BOOP!
1



:SIGH: ...HOW EMBARRASSING!
I'LL BE TWENTY-SEVEN TOMORROW, AND I STILL LIKE PUNK ROCK WAY TOO MUCH.
I TOLD EVERYONE I INVITED TO DRESS FORMALLY FOR THIS OCCASION, AND THEY FUCKIN' BETTER!
THEY CAN ALL GO BACK TO DRESSING AND ACTING LIKE CHILDREN ONCE THE PARTY'S OVER!
WHY DO I SAY SHE'S CRAZY? BECAUSE SHE SAYS SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME, THAT'S WHY!
WHAT FURTHER PROOF DO YOU NEED?
GAS HUFFER
EVERYTHING WAS GOING FINE UNTIL HE TURNED TO ME AND SAID: "I WANT THE TWO OF US TO GROW OLD TOGETHER..."
AND ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS: "YOU ALREADY ARE OLD!"
JESUS LIVES IN MY HEART, AND SATAN LIVES IN MY WOMB!
..BUT YOU KNOW WHO LIVES IN MY BRAIN?
WHO?
ME!
CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK, I'M ACTUALLY A VERY HAPPY PERSON.


I TRY TO PROJECT THE IMAGE OF BEING JUST YOUR AVERAGE RUN-OF-THE-MILL "MAN OF THE PEOPLE."
IT HELPS TO HIDE THE FACT THAT I'VE GOT AN EGO THE SIZE OF MOUNT EVEREST.
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA WRITE A BOOK CALLED "REASONS NOT TO GO INTO THE CARTOONING BUSINESS..."
I FIGURE IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST FAVOR I COULD POSSIBLY DO FOR HUMANITY.
:SIGH:
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY FOR ME TO MAKE MORE MONEY OFF OF THIS SHTICK!
YOU THINK WHAT I DO IS SICK?!
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING: ONCE THE FASCISTS TAKE OVER, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST ONE IN LINE FOR THE DEATH CAMPS!
THE FIRST ONE IN LINE!
WELCOME TO THE ABA
PEDOPHILES I'VE KNOWN AND LOVED
TAKE ONE
IN YOUR FACE, BAGGE! IN YOUR FACE!
...I JUST FELT LIKE SAYING THAT...
THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING ABOUT ME IN HERE SOMEWHERE!
THERE'S GOT TO BE!
HATE!
The End

HATE'S
PARADE O' MERCHANDISE!
I LIKE HATE AND I HATE EVERYTHING ELSE!
I LIKE HATE SHIRT
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I SCREAM FOR HEROIN SHIRT
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LISA LEAVENWORTH ON LIFE AND DEATH

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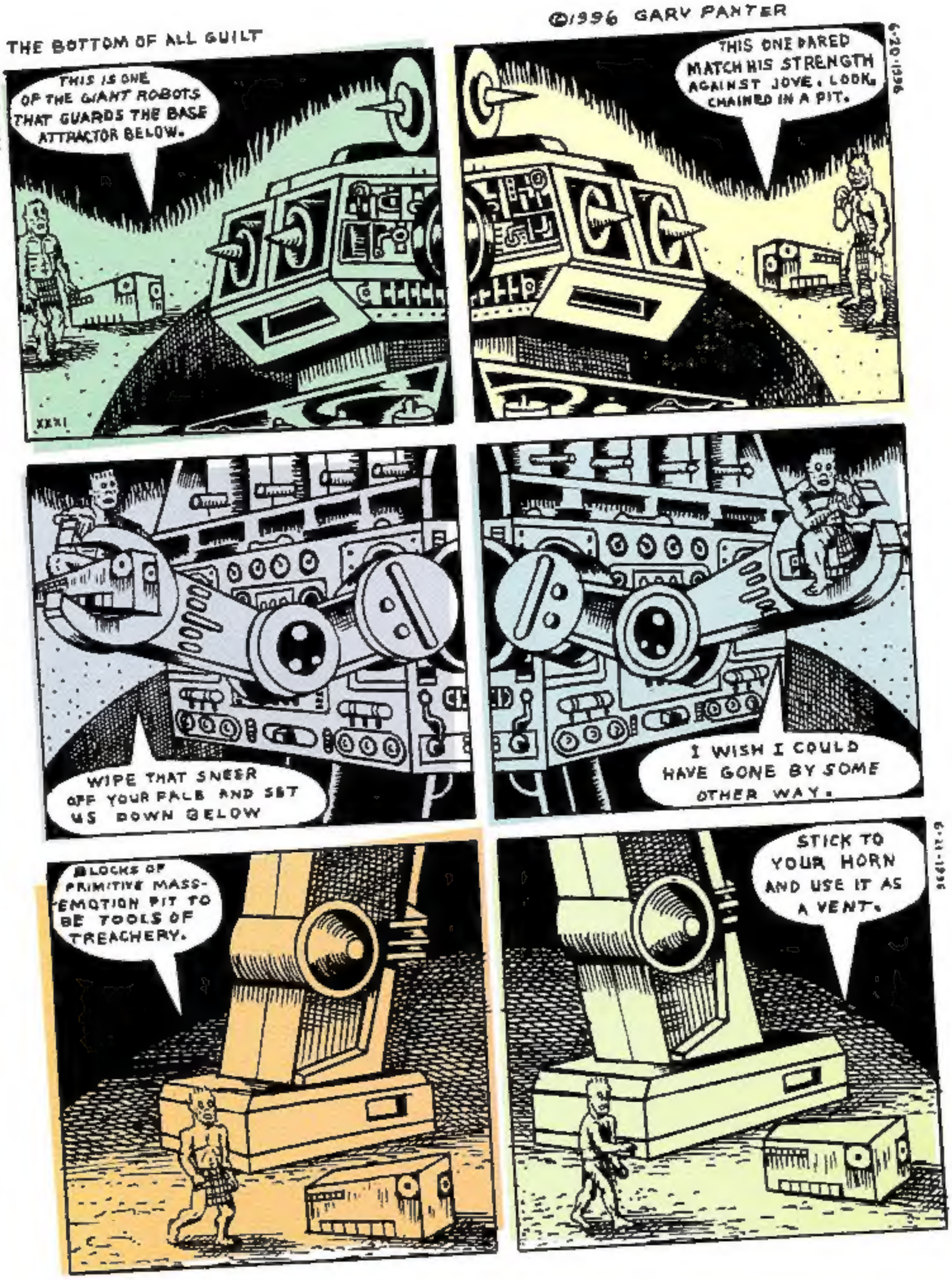

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